CHRISTIAN HYMNAL.

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THE

CHRISTIAN HYMNAL,

FOR THE

Church, Home and Bible Schools.

"In the midst of the Church I will sing praises unto thee."—*Heb.* II. 12.
"I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also."
—1 *Cor.* XIV. 15

EDITED BY
JAS. W. WILSON.

MUSICAL EDITOR
PROF. F. L. ROBERTSHAW

PUBLISHED BY
"The Restitution,"
PLYMOUTH, IND.
1887.

PREFACE.

THE need of a suitable collection of Spiritual Songs and Hymns set to music of an appropriate character, has been long felt by our Churches. To supply this want has been the object of the Editors and Publishers in preparing this work, and we hope our humble efforts will meet with approval, both from our Heavenly Father and from our Brethren.

In compiling these Songs and Hymns, it has been our aim to only select such as shall express the feelings and duties of Christian life and the Christian hope in its Bible purity, unmixed by the teachings and traditions of men. In the collection will be found many "gems" from the song writers of other churches to whom we have given due credit. In some selections we have found it necessary to change a few words or sentences, in order to eliminate unscriptural sentiments. In such cases, and where the name of the author was difficult to find, no credit has been given. Credit is also due to Brethren Reed, Wince, and other brethren and sisters, for original contributions.

We were very fortunate in securing the services of Bro. F. L. Robertshaw, to whom credit is due for many original tunes, as well as for the choice and appropriate selection of both old and new from other works. Bro. Robertshaw is well qualified, both by education and experience, for this work, and we feel that for a small collection no better one has ever been published.

It is the happy custom of both angels and mankind to praise God in song, and our desire is that we, as a church, shall more fully follow the will of God in praising His Holy name in song; "teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Col. III. 16.

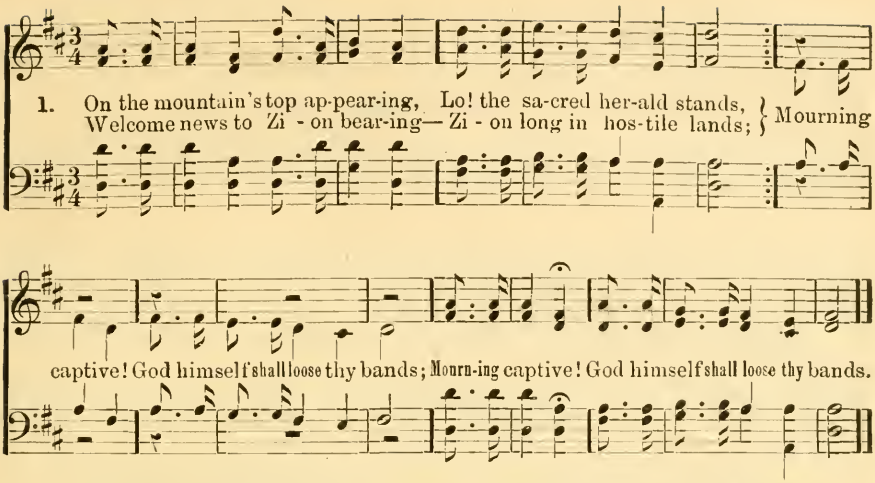
We wish to exhort the brethren not to neglect this very important part of both public and family worship; songs of praise in soulfull music are well pleasing to God, and it should be a labor of love to so cultivate our voices that our praises shall ascend to His throne in harmonious and melodious strains. Such service we are sure will be well pleasing to Him.

To the precious Lamb of God, who has purchased and redeemed us by His blood, and shall in the ages to come teach us to sing the "new song," this book is humbly dedicated.

JAS. W. WILSON,

AUSTIN, ILL.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

KELLEY.

2.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis thy Savior,
On his bright returning way.

2. O thou long expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Savior,
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Savior,
When shall I be wholly thine?

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning
Swift to hear, and slow to roam
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Savior,
O my Savior, quickly come!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

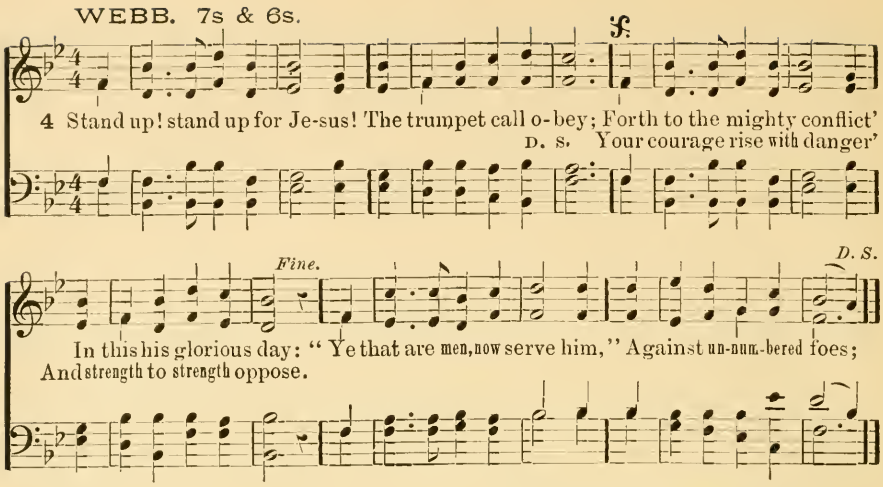
3.

1 Far on Zion's Mount appearing,
Lo, a ransomed, shining band;
Sparkling crowns of glory wearing,
Pure of heart, and clean of hand;
They are blessed,
Who upon Mount Zion stand.

2 Waves of glory streaming o'er them;
Hark! they chant a heavenly lay;
While their leader on before them,
Guides them through eternal day,
They are blessed,
For their tears are wiped away.

3 Now they range the earth in glory,
Fears and sorrows all are o'er;
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Saved from death to die no more;
They are blessed,
Who have reached that blissful shore.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

DUFFIELD.

5

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go:
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is—Love.

MONTGOMERY.

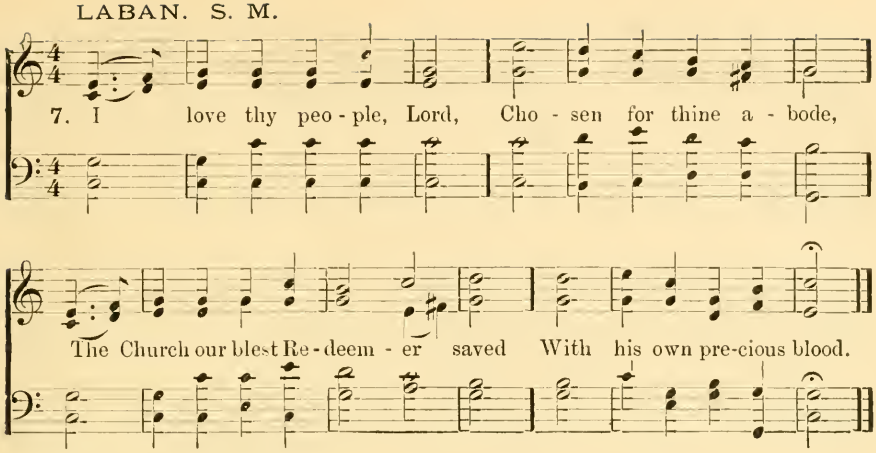
6

1 When shall the voice of singing,
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing,
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tow'r and lofty dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound.

3 Praise to our glorious Savior,
Welcome on earth to reign;
Restored Edenic splendor,
The dead shall live again;
The monster's triumphs ended,
The grave has lost its sting,
Our Jesus has descended;
Eternal life to bring.

LABAN. S. M.



2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand,

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond thy highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

DWIGHT.

8

1 Behold the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quick'ning power
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams our souls
Shall run the heavenly way; [trod
The path which Christ has marked and
Will lead to endless day.

9

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
His coming thus proclaim.

3 Watch 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near—
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

DODDRIDGE.

10

1 Had I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

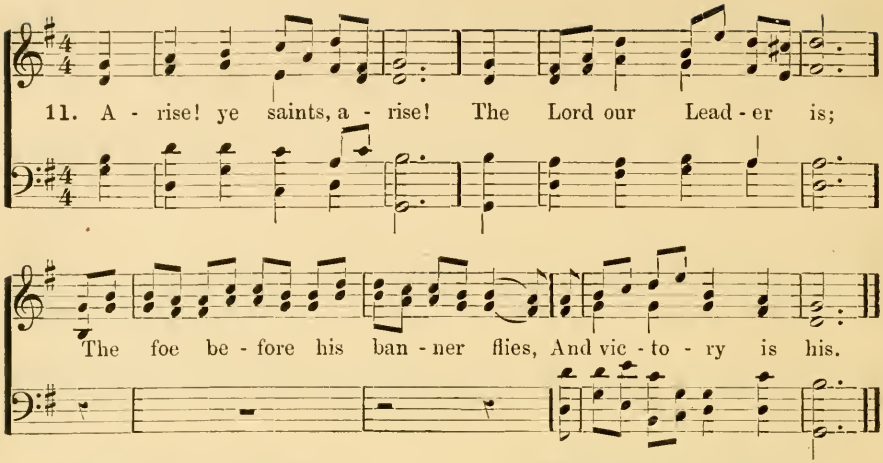
2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each myst'ry to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith can work effectual good,
That does not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,—
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

STENNETT.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Savior, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping heart to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

THOMAS KELLY.

12

1 My times are in thy hand;
My God I'd have them there.
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand;"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best they seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
I'll always trust in thee,
And after death at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD.

13

1 Behold what wondrous grace,
The Father hath bestowed,
On creatures of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's well beloved Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we shall be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure;
May purge our soul from every sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

WATTS.

14

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

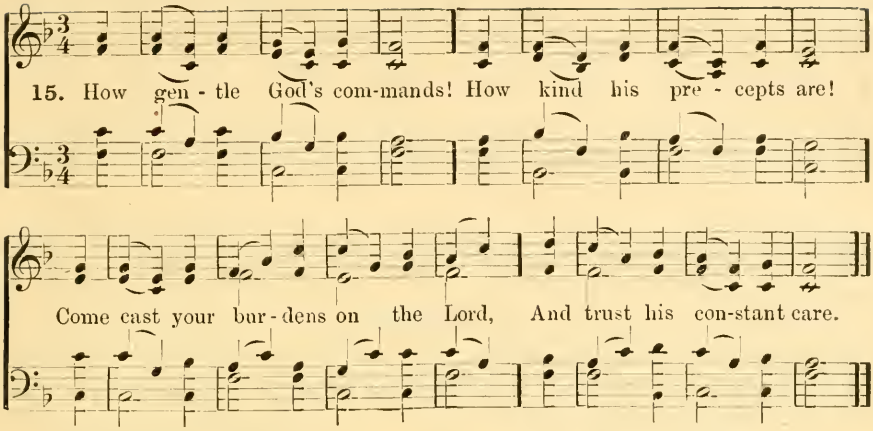
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death may soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

JOHN LELAND.

4 When mortal life is past,
And we to earth are borne;
Oh, may we in the Savior rest,
To wait his glad return. J. W. W.

DENNIS. S. M.



2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell:
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O, seek your heav'nly Father's throne
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

DODDRIDGE.

16

1 THE morn is breaking clear,
The night is flying fast,
The day of righteousness is near,
The time of sin is past.

2 Our Master is at hand,
He came his own to save;
He comes the kingdoms to command,
To ransom from the grave,

3. He came to heal and bless,
To banish ev'ry ill;
He comes to bring his scatter'd race,
To Zion's holy hill.

4 Earth's high ones he'll abase,
And bring them to the dust;
His humble brethren he will raise
To place, and power, and trust.

5 In him shall men be blest,
His name shall be extoll'd,
No more shall nations be distrest,
Nor war her deeds unfold.

6 Jehovah's mighty fame
Shall spread from shore to shore,
The earth her jubilee shall claim,
And troubled be no more.

17

1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Savior near,
In this triumphant song.

2 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs—

3 "Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

18

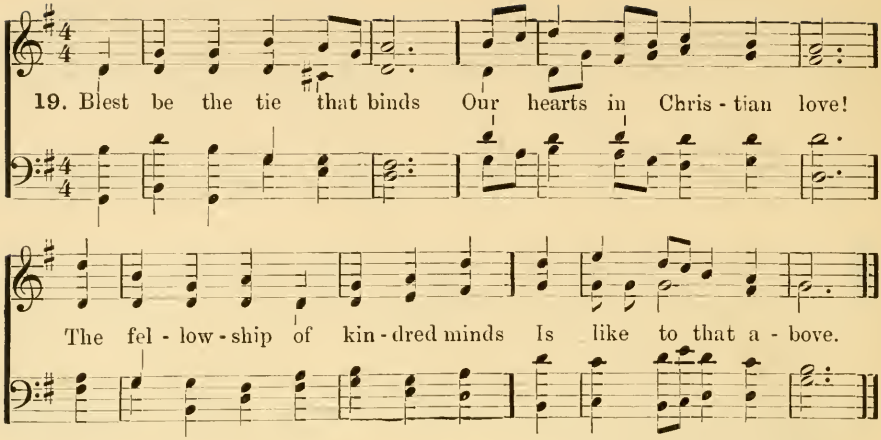
1 DOWN to sacred wave
The Lord of life was led:
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way,
He fixed the holy rite:
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Savior, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

5 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett.

20

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And those rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

Watts.

21

1 In expectation sweet
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal ear we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes;
Death fal s beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs
And rise to meet our Lord.

3 The trumpet sound—awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace:
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Or shade their perfect bliss.

22

1 How wondrous is the love
That makes us heirs of God!
That love that has renew'd our hearts,
And all our guilt removed.

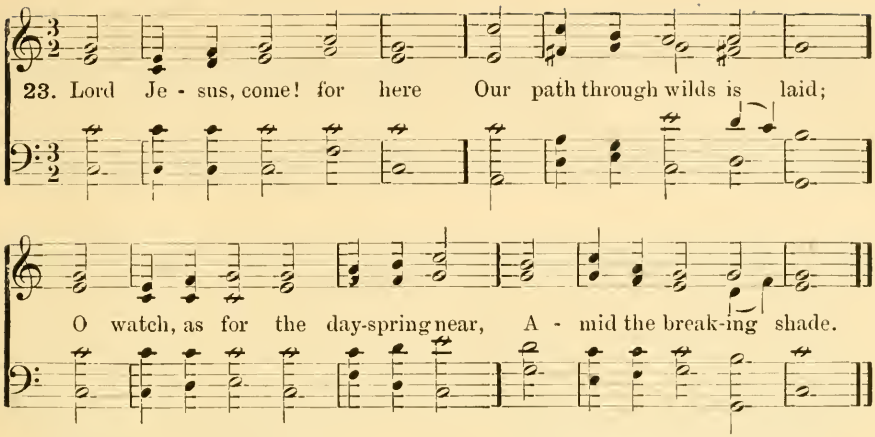
2 The saints, though here unknown,
Are princes in disguise:
Nor shall their glories be revealed
Till Christ shall leave the skies.

3 Then shall they see his face,
And in his blissful sight,
Shall with his image be adorned
And shine divinely bright.

4 Transported with this hope,
And with these blessings crowned;
Holy and heavenly be our lives,
Such as our Lord's was found.

5 That hope shall not be vain
Which operates by love;
While hourly fruits of righteousness
Its heavenly virtue prove.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



2 Lord Jesus, come! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain;
Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus come! the slave
Still bears his heavy chains,
Their daily bread the hungry crave,
While teem the fruitful plains.

4 Hark! herald voices near
Lead on the happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear;
We wait to strew thy way.

24

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wond'rous ways
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame,
And all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 Oh, let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

25

1 When overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me lies,
Hopeless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear my name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Watts.

26

1 "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

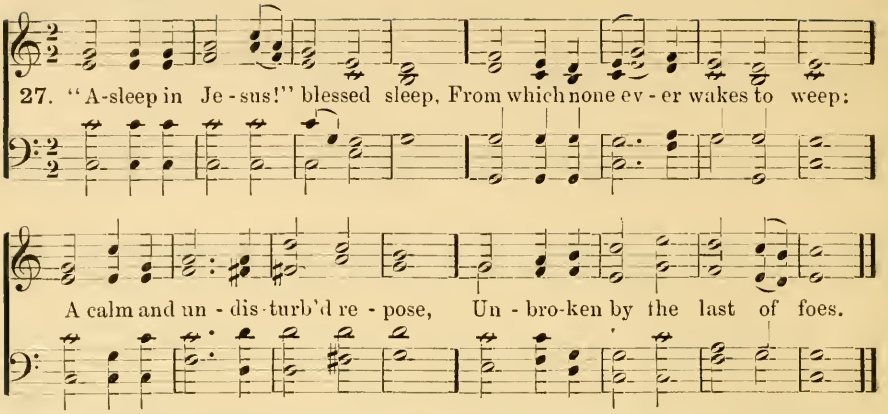
2 So when my Savior's voice
Shall rend the grave in twain,
I then shall triumph over death,
And life eternal gain.

3 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before thy throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

Montgomery.

4 With crown that will not fade,
Presented by his hand;
In robes of righteousness arrayed,
Before my King to stand. J. W. W.

ZEPHYR. L. M.



2 "Asleep in Jesus!" oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 "Asleep in Jesus!" peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
Nor fear nor woe shall dim the hour,
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 "Asleep in Jesus!" oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

MACKAY.

28

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the sweet assurance gives!
He lives, triumphant from the grave;
He lives, omnipotent to save.

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead my cause above;
He lives, to silence all my fears;
He lives, to wipe away my tears.

3 He lives, my wise and powerful Friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, my mansions to prepare;
He lives, to guide me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, eternally the same;
What joy the sweet assurance gives,
That Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!

29

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no moral woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed:
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

WATTS.

30

1 How blest the sacred tie, that binds
In sweeet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one.

2 To each, the life of each, how dear;
What tender love!—what holy fear!
How does the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

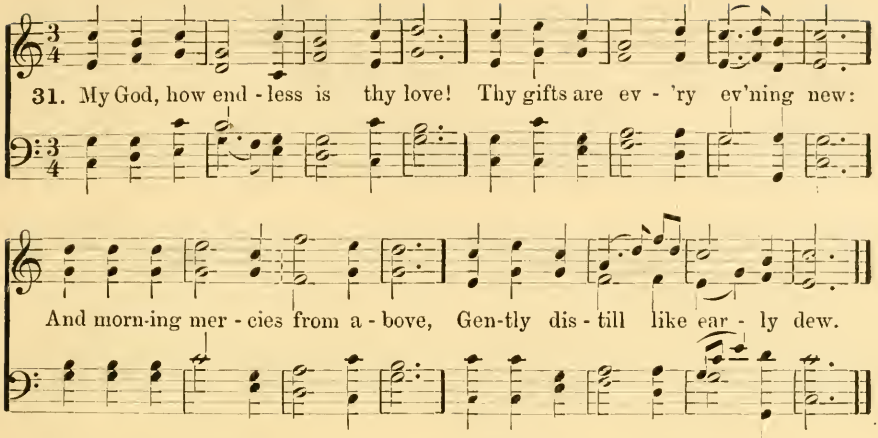
3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise.
Like mingling flame and sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his smiling face;
How high, and strong their raptures
swell;
There's none but kindred souls can tell,

ANNA L. BARBOLD, Alt'd.

5 Together when the Lord shall come,
And angels' voice shall call them home,
From opened graves, from land and sea,
They dwell in blessed unity. J. W. W.

MENDON. L. M.



2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATTS.

32

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

33

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause;
The way he's gone is lined with blood,
O may I tread the steps he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed to bear the cross,
For which I count all things but dross,
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

4 I'm not ashamed to be despised,
By those who ne'er religion prized:
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

5 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Savior's not ashamed of me.

34

1 THOU God, before whose heavenly state
Thy saints in sacred rev'rence bow;
Lord God of Hosts, oh, who is great,
Or who enrobed with truth, as thou?

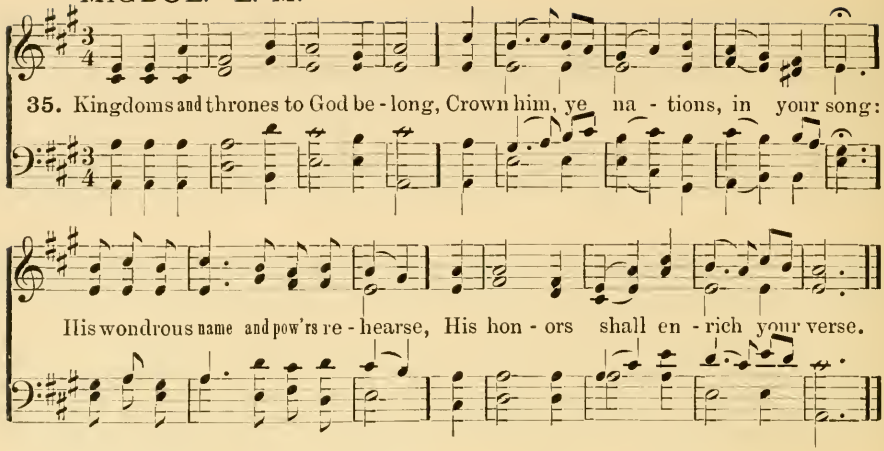
2 Thou rul'st the angry ocean's tide,
And bid'st its swelling waves repose;
Thou tramplest down the hosts of pride,
And strew'st afar thy broken foes.

3 The heav'ns are thine, and thine the earth;
Thou framed'st the land and thou the sea;
Thou giv'st the North and South their birth,
Tabor and Hermon shout to thee.

4 Thine arm has empire all its own;
High holds thy strong right hand its sway:
Justice and judgment rear thy throne,
And truth and grace prepare thy way.

5 How bless'd to know thy trumpet's voice,
And walk beneath thy guiding eye!
Each day in thee shall such rejoice,
And thy just power shall lift them high.

MIGDOL. L. M.



2 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

36

1 Our Savior lives, no more to die;
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high,
He lives triumphant o'er the grave;
He ever lives to bless and save.

2 He lives to chase our darkest fears;
He lives to wipe away our tears;
He lives our kingdom to prepare;
He lives to bring us safely there.

3 He lives to mediate above;
He lives that we his grace may prove;
He lives immortal life to give;
He lives, and therefore we shall live.

37

1 The Savior comes, his advent's nigh,
He soon will rend the azure sky;
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 O happy day when war shall cease,
And ransom'd earth be filled with peace:
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again!

3 Saints, lift your heads; that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransom'd bride his own.

4 Shall not his people sing for joy?
Shall not the church their songs employ?
Sing, ye who will; sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

38

1 The Lord is coming! let this be
The herald-note of Jubilee—
And when we meet, and when we part,
The salutation from the heart.

2 The Lord is coming! saints, rejoice!
We soon shall hear his glorious voice,
Majestic uttered from afar,
As on he hastes his conqu'ring car.

3 The Lord is coming! who shall stand?
Who shall be found at his right hand?
He that hath the white garment on
That Christ our Righteous King hath won.

4 The Lord is coming! watch and pray!
Watch ye, and haste unto the day,
So shall you then escape the snare,
And Christ's eternal glory share.

39

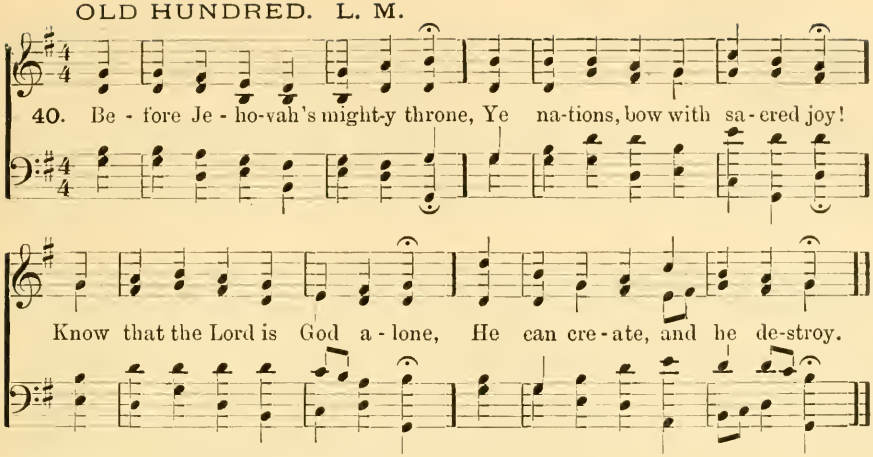
1 Joy cometh! O! when shall it come
To those who in the desert roam!
To those who mourn—to those who weep—
To those who in death's bondage sleep!

2 Joy cometh! sighing, sorrow one—
Joy cometh! with the rising sun!
Joy—holy, blessed, perfect, pure,
Joy—ever gushing, ever sure!

3 Joy cometh with the coming day!
Joy danceth on the morning's way!
Joy—like a flood of light shall roll,
And bathe the world from pole to pole.

4 Joy cometh! for the Lord shall come,
And raise the saints, and bring them home!
Then hearts and tongues shall find employ,
With songs and everlasting joy.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

41

1 Great God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 Oh, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace!
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

42

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praise, O Lord, I would resound,
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

43

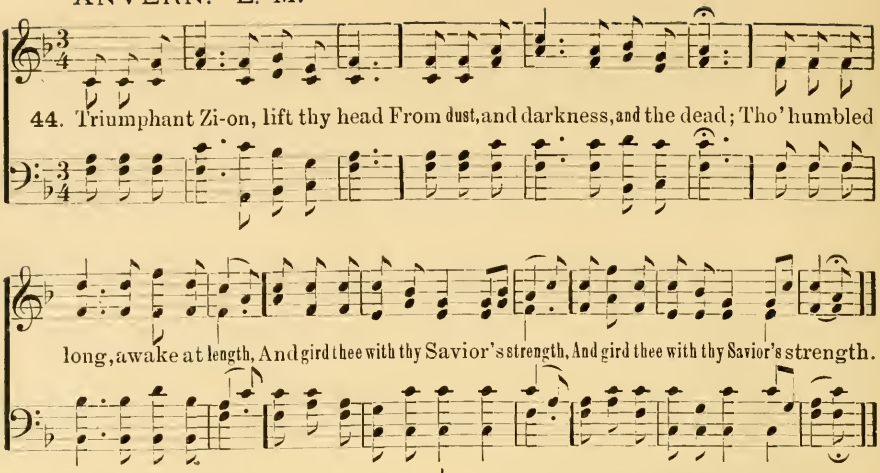
1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt the great Creator's praise:
But, O what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom shines;
His works thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

ANVERN. L. M.



2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guide thee in eternal peace.

DODDRIDGE.

45

1 How wonderful thy works, O Lord!
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
And in accordance with thy word,
Before thy majesty we fall.

2 In all thy word, and works, and ways,
Thy goodness and thy glory shine;
Thy love inspires our songs of praise,
And warms our hearts in every line.

3 In thee, our God, we live and move—
And for thy bounties rich and free;
We offer now our grateful love,
And pledge our lives and all to thee.

4 May all we say and all we do,
But show our high and holy aim;
To keep the heavenly prize in view,
And glorify thy gracious name.

JOHN L. WINCE.

46

1 THE Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering and the dead.

2 The Lord will come, a glorious form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
His lightnings dart to end of heaven,
The mountains fall, with earthquakes riven.

3 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

4 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain!
But faith victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall ring for joy, the Lord has come!

47

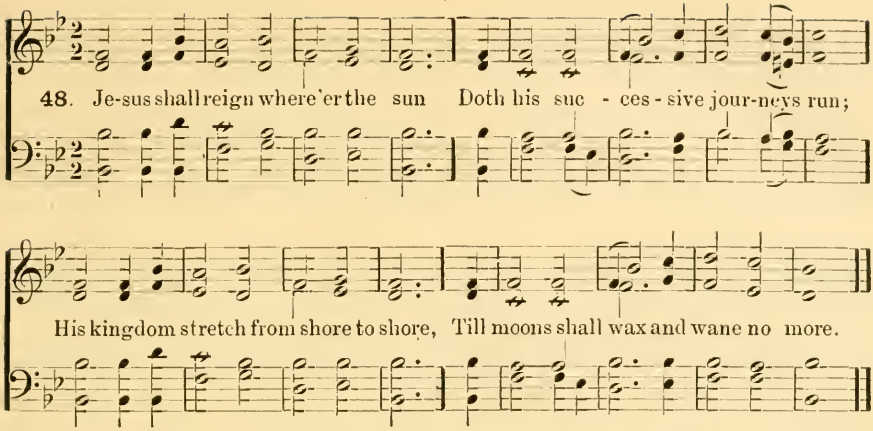
1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive in peace at home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God:
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

WARD. L. M.



2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Love's brightest honors to our King;
Angels descend with song again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

WATTS.

49

1 YES, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till death, and all his trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.

2 Then, ransomed souls shall bless thy power,
Thine arm shall full salvation bring;
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

3 Then ranged thy shining throne around,
Thy honors, Lord, will we proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deed and saving name.

50

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

STEELE.

4 The treasures of thy promise Lord,
Are wealth and honors all for me;
Teach me to keep thy sacred word,
And give my life my all to thee. J. W. W.

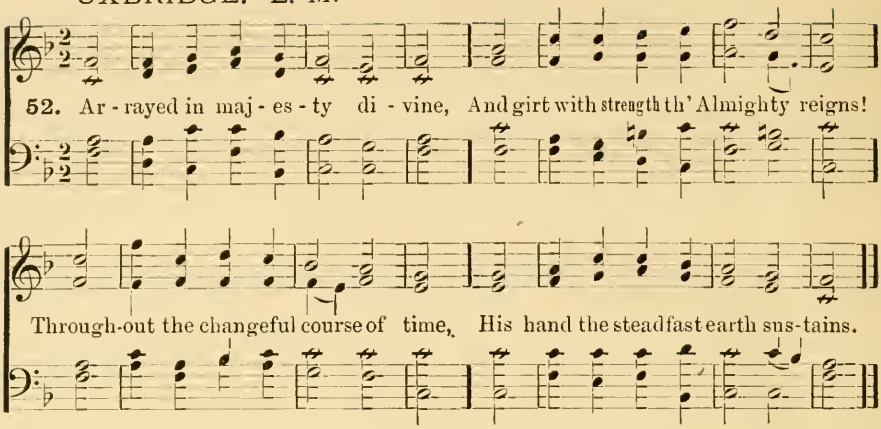
51

1 JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world created by his hand,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its firm foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood—
Himself the ever-living God.

3 Forever shall his throne endure,
His promise stands forever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



2 Wide doth the mighty thunder fill
The darkened earth with dread dismay;
But mightier far art thou, whose will
The lightning and the storms obey.

3 The mighty billows to the land
Roll loudly threat'ning from the main,
But mightier is thy mighty hand,
That doth their restless power restrain.

4 O Lord! adored from race to race,
Men shall thy righteous laws proclaim;
And holiness become the place
Called by thy great and glorious name.

53

1 Lord, thou hast formed mine every part,
Mine inmost thought is known to thee;
Each word, each feeling of my heart,
Thine ear doth hear, thine eye doth see.

2 Though I should seek the shades of night,
And hide myself in guilty fear,
To thee the darkness seems as light,
The midnight as the noonday clear.

3 The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
All own thee ever present there;
Where'er I turn, thou still art nigh,
Thy Spirit dwelling everywhere.

4 O may that Spirit, ever blest,
Upon my soul in radiance shine,
Then welcomed to eternal rest,
I'll taste thy presence, Lord, divine!

54

1 Jehovah reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal his grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
He baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 Thus glorious, will he condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
My life is sure, if God is mine.

55

1 Great God we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

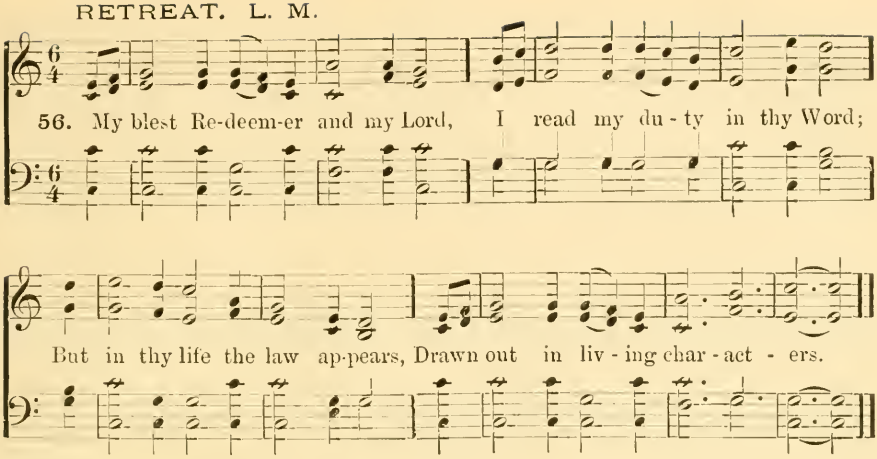
2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Doddridge.

RETREAT. L. M.



2 What truth and love thy bosom fill!
What zeal to do thy Fathers will!
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

57

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.

2 In this reanimated clay
I surely shall behold him near:
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.

3 Mine own, and not another's eyes,
The king shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

58

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Maker, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Watts.

59

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

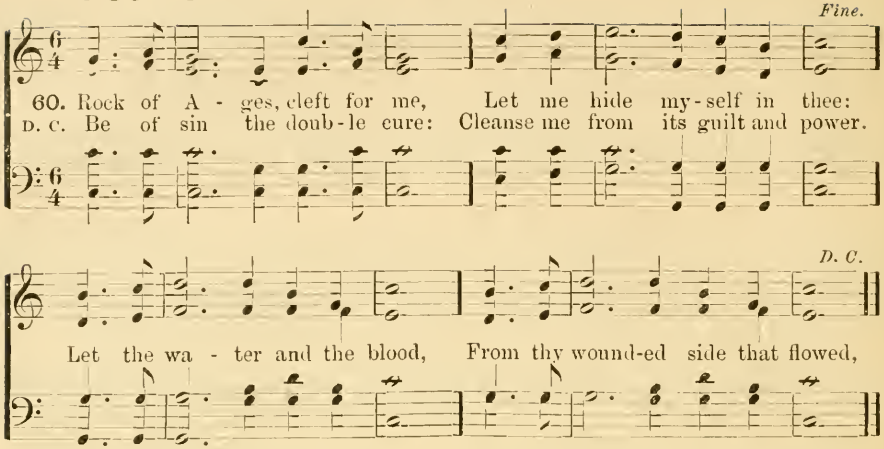
2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian-life!

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then if we bear the Savior's name,
By his example let us move.

5 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All my sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

TOPLADY.

61

1 Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Savior's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Savior's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening way,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

HASTINGS.

4 When the closing hour draws near,
Of my life's brief cloudy day,
On thy promise now so dear,
Nothing doubting, I will cling;
"Eternal life I will give
To all who on me believe."

J. W. W.

62

1 Oh, disclose thy lovely face,
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Grasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers;
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Savior, come away.

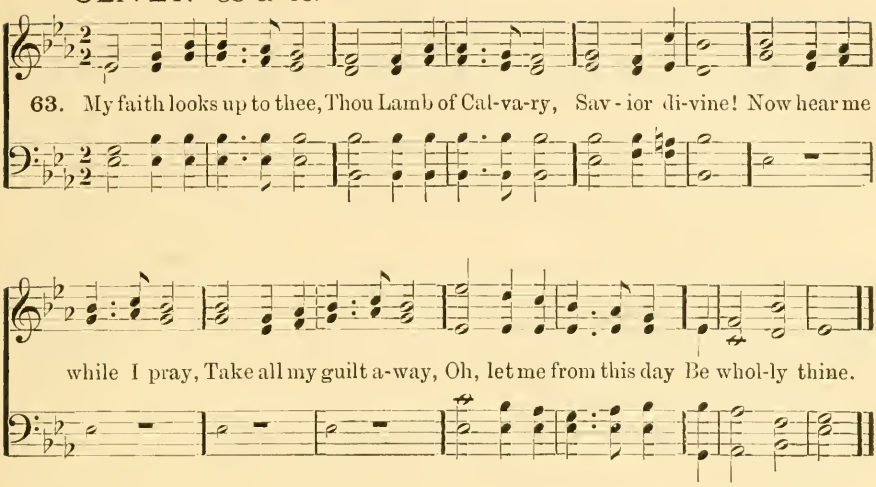
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad mine eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit thou this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, holiness divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

4 I will put my trust in thee,
Faithful to thy promise cling,
O descend and set me free,
Blessed Savior, Lord and King,
Hasten now, thy coming day,
Come, my Savior, come away. J. W. W.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread.
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, from above,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, hear me in thy love,
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

64

1 LORD, save thine Israel—
Restore thine Israel
To their own land,
Let Jacob's seed return;
While scattered now they mourn
Oh! give them soon their own
Beloved land.

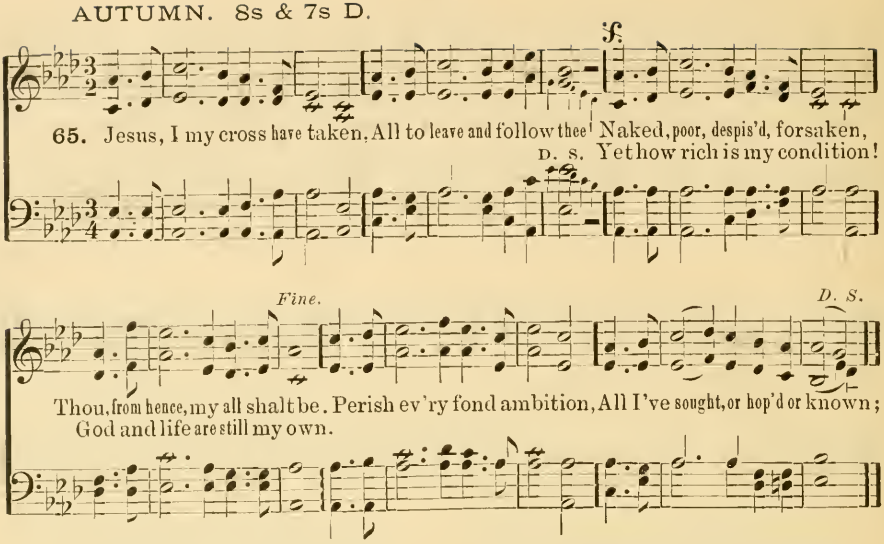
2 They have been long cast off,
Long been the Gentile scoff,
Without a home;
Their land by strangers trod,
Their tears bedew its sod,
Oh, they have felt thy rod,
Now bring them home.

3 Oh! end the "little while,"
And on them shed thy smile
And loving word;
Remember Abraham's seed,
And make him great indeed,
As long ago decreed,
O righteous Lord.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him, wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your Lord prevail;
Great Savior, come.

5 Now Zion build again,
Erect thy temple's fane
In glory bright:
The palace-city raise,
Where men shall give thee praise,
And nations learn thy ways,
By truth's own light.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s D.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,—
They have left my Savior too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me,—
God is not, like them, untrue.
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
Lord of wisdom, love, and might.
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain,
I have called thee Abba, Father!
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

66

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our tears and pains release us;
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all our souls thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child—and yet a King;
Born to reign on earth forever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
Bring us, Lord, thy great salvation,
Let us now behold thy face,
Send thy laws to every nation,
Tune our hearts to sing thy praise.

CHAS. WESLEY.

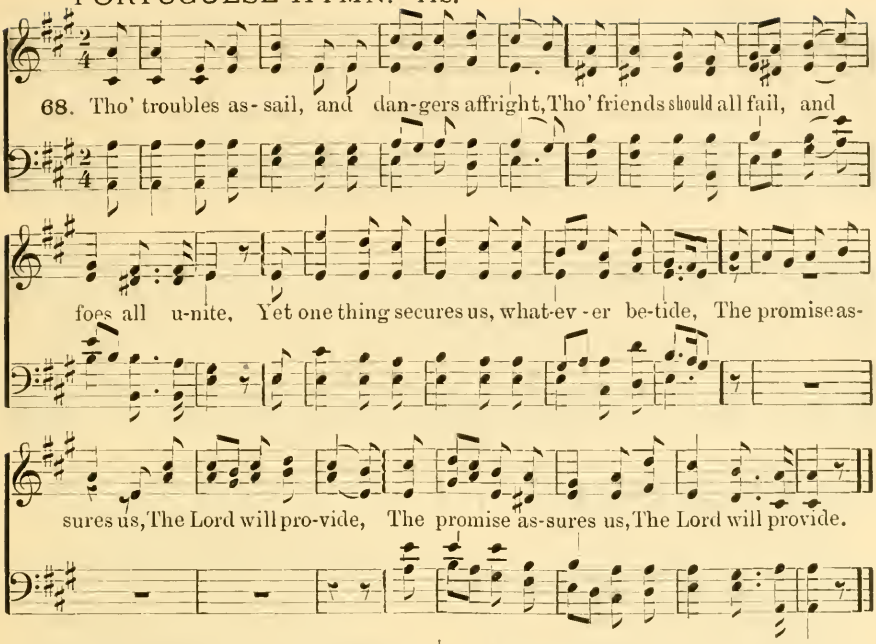
67

1 GRACIOUS Father, guide thy children
From the foe's destructive power:
Save, O save them, Lord, from falling,
In this dark and trying hour,
Thou wilt surely prove thy people,
All our graces must be tried;
But thy word illumes our pathway,
And in God we still confide.

2 We are in the time of waiting;
Soon we shall behold our Lord,
Wafted far away from sorrow,
To receive our rich reward,
Keep us, then, till his appearing,
Pure, unspotted, from the world;
Let thy promises inspire us,
Till thy banner is unfurled.

3 With what joyful exultation
Shall the saints thy banner see,
When the Lord for whom we've waited,
Shall proclaim the Jubilee:—
Freedom from the world's pollutions;
Freedom from all sin and pain:
Freedom from the wiles of Satan,
And from death's destructive reign.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; [bread:
From them let us learn to trust for our
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied, [provide.
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will

3 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold; [a sure Guide,
For, though we are strangers, we have
And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim; [great name,
Yet since we have known the Savior's
In this our strong tower for safety we hide, [provide.
The Lord is our power; The Lord will

5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view, [through:
This word of his grace shall comfort us
No doubting nor fearing with Christ on our side; [provide.
The promise is cheering, The Lord will

JOHN NEWTON.

69

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled!

2 Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not dismayed! [thee aid;
For I am thy God and will still give
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent

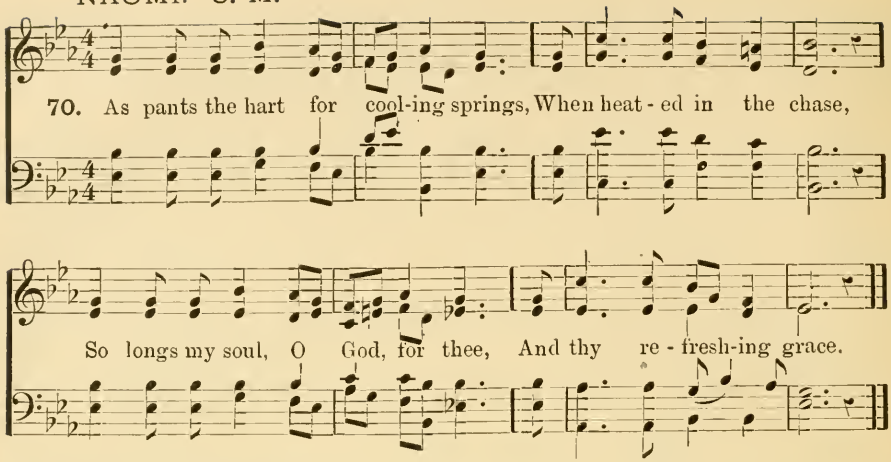
3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go.
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

K. RIPPON'S Selection.

NAOMI. C. M.



2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

71

1 God made the earth surpassing fair,
And fit for man's abode;
His eye surveyed it everywhere,
And called it "very good."

2 But he who had dominion fell
From his exalted state:
He sinned—woe came, and death and hell:
The ruin, O how great!

3 Yet, praise to God! in mercy he
Hath formed a blessed plan:
By which the earth is still to be
A dwelling place for man.

4 For man redeemed—all things made new,
Like Eden, fair and bright,
As when it rose to angels' view,
And filled them with delight.

5 The desert like the rose will bloom,
The wilderness rejoice:
And earth, made free from sin's dark [gloom,
Resound with cheerful voice.

72

1 Oh! for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt, which trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow.

73

1 When I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

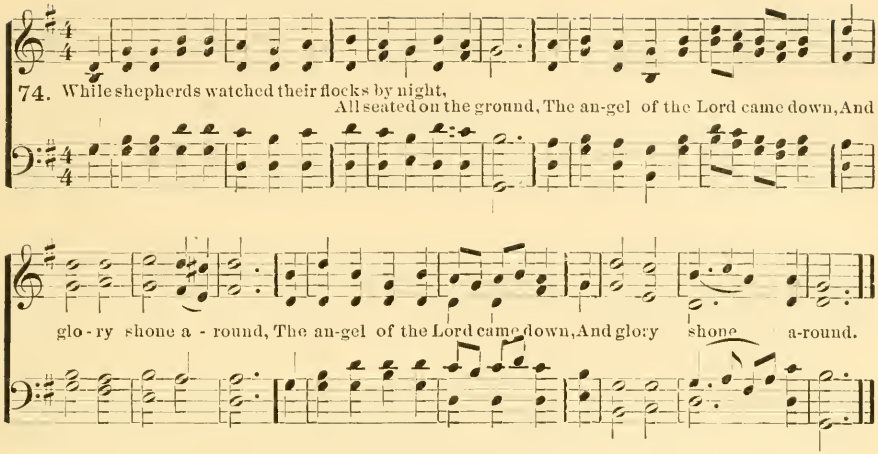
3 And oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

5 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end!

Steele.

CORONATION. C. M.



2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed.
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song.

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

NAHUM TATE.

75

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who formed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

PERRONET.

76

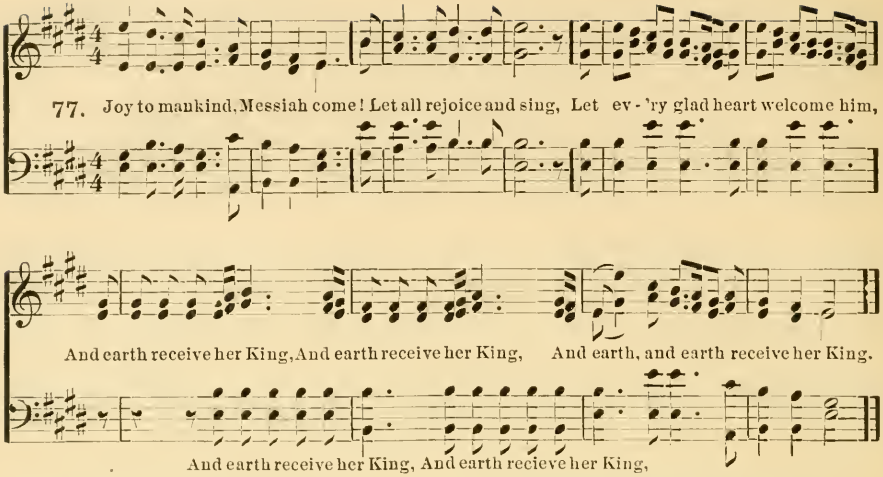
1 SOON all shall hall our Jesus' name,
Angels shall prostrate fall;
For him the brightest glory claim,
And hail him Lord of all.

2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre,
And, as they sound it, fall
Before his face, who formed their choir,
And hail him Lord of all.

3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
Redeemed from Israel's fall,
Shall praise him for his wondrous grace,
And hail him Lord of all.

4 Gentiles shall come—and every king
Throughout this earthly ball,
To Zion come—and tribute bring,
And hail him Lord of all.

ANTIOCH. C. M.



2 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing.
Mortals behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

3 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

4 His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

5 How bright the vision! O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

78

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart give him a place,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

79

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

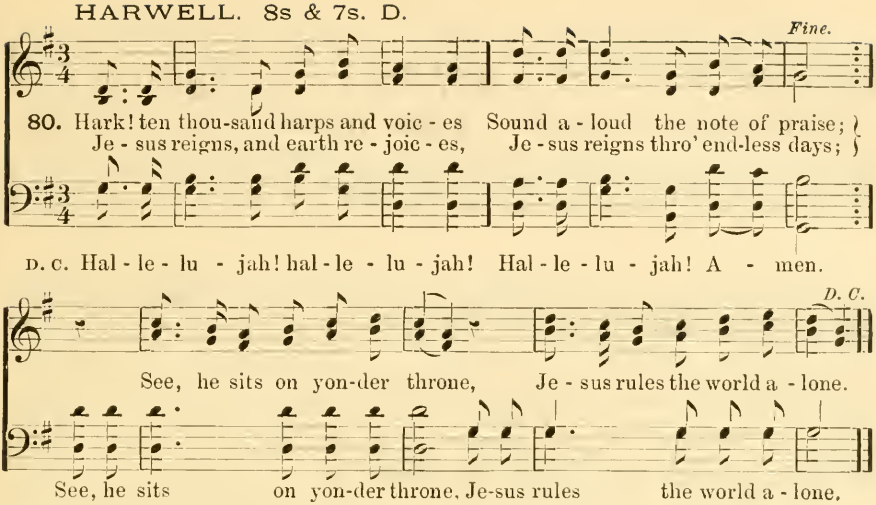
2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ; [plains
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

WATTS.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.



2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All around, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, the poor of earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Chosen to behold thy face.

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with praises loud we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

THOMAS KELLY.

81

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when from death's fold we're brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON.

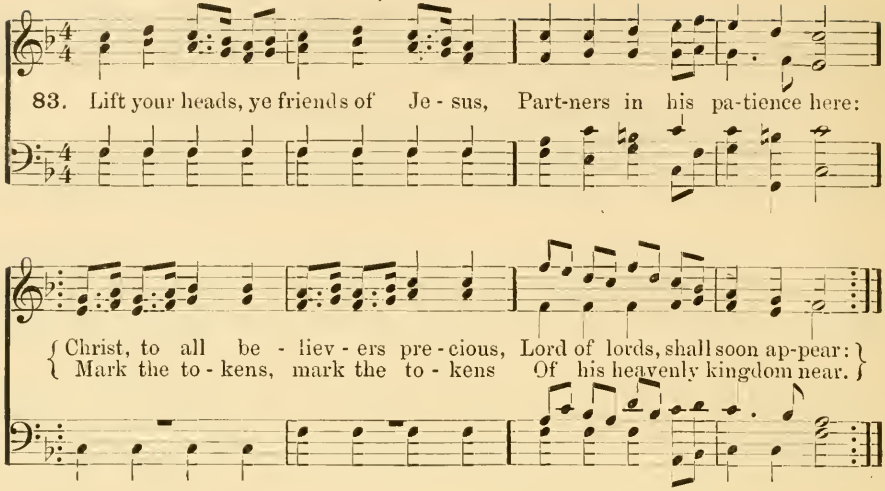
82

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood:
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'Tis the Savior, now victorious,
Traveling onward in his might;
'Tis the Savior, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Death is conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Mighty Victor! reign forever,
Crowned with glory thou hast won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast conquered all our foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4s.



2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:—
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out—'Tis He!

5 Lo! 'tis He! our hearts' Desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

84

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Descending from heaven we see.

3 Then, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

85

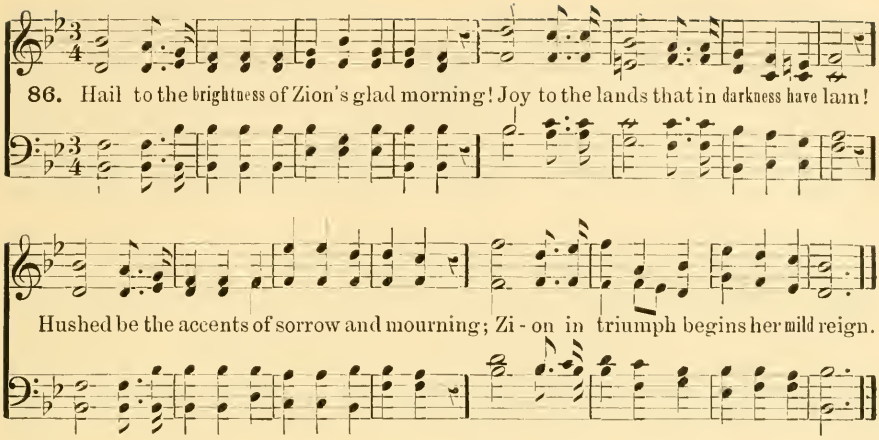
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
And to life we're called away,
When the Lord descends from heaven,
Glad the summons we obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

Walter Shirley, 3d v. alt'd.

WESLEY. 11s & 10s.



2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing:
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high:
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion:
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
HASTINGS.

5 Swell the grand anthem, our Savior is reigning,
Rejoice, risen saints, and praise with glad tongue:
Carry the tidings to nations repining,
All join the chorus with love's noblest song.
J. W. W.

87

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Savior, the first born and king over all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

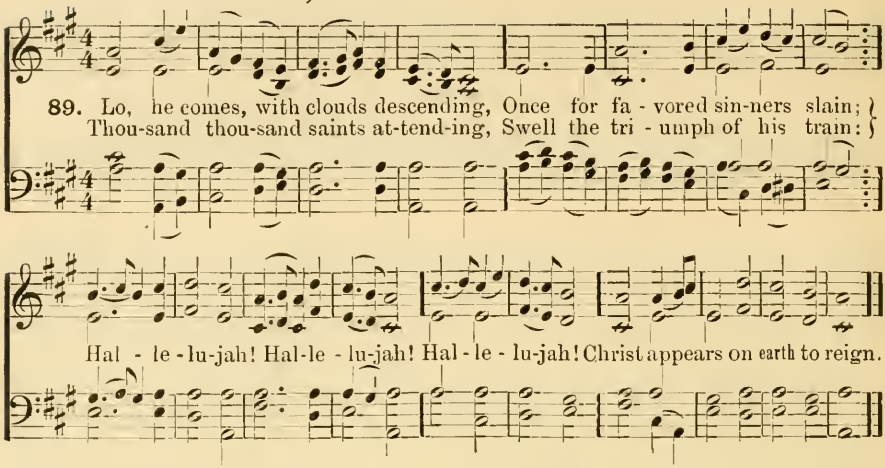
88

1 HAIL! blessed Savior, the Prince of all goodness!
Praise to his name who is mighty to save!
Loud be the accents of joy and rejoicing:
Jesus the keys has of death and the grave.

2 Hark! from the heavens the arch angels' voice calling;
Rise from the dead, ye righteous of old;
Changed be the living from mortal to glory,
Haste to the meeting, your Savior behold.

3 Sing the new song, with praise to Jehovah,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb that was slain;
Made kings and preists to the praise of his glory,
Filled with his love on the earth we shall reign.
JAS. W. WILSON.

HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s & 4s.



2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in wondrous majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing.
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, and quickly come:
The renewed heaven and earth inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

4 Yea, amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
O, come quickly,
Everlasting Lord, come down.

MARTIN MADAN.

90

1 Lo, he cometh! angel trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand thousand angels
See our great exalted Head;
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

3 Hear the voice of Jesus calling
You to life, and peace and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Sin and death no more annoy;
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, happy day.

91

1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day:
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing and watch and pray;
'Tis thy Savior,
On his bright, returning way.

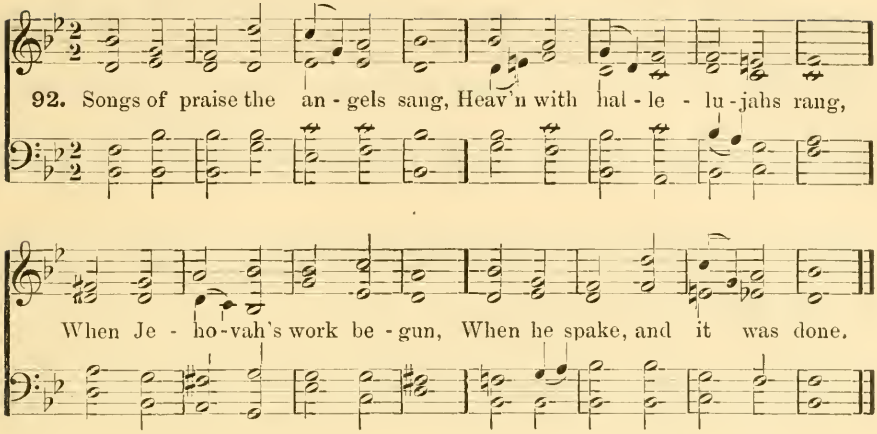
2 O thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Savior,
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
O my Savior,
In thy bright and promised land!

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning.
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Savior!
O my Savior, quickly come!

J. S B. MONSELL.

CHRIST'S CHAPEL. 7s.



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the church delight to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and song of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to God above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

93

1 HALLELUJAH! raise, oh, raise
To our God the song of praise;
All his servants join to sing
God our Savior and our King.

2 Blessed be forevermore
That loved name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue!

3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God Most High,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens he bends,
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great
For the low and desolate.

5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.

6 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways,
Praise his name, forever praise.

JOSIAH CONDER.

94

1 THOU who did'st on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Savior, hear my cry.

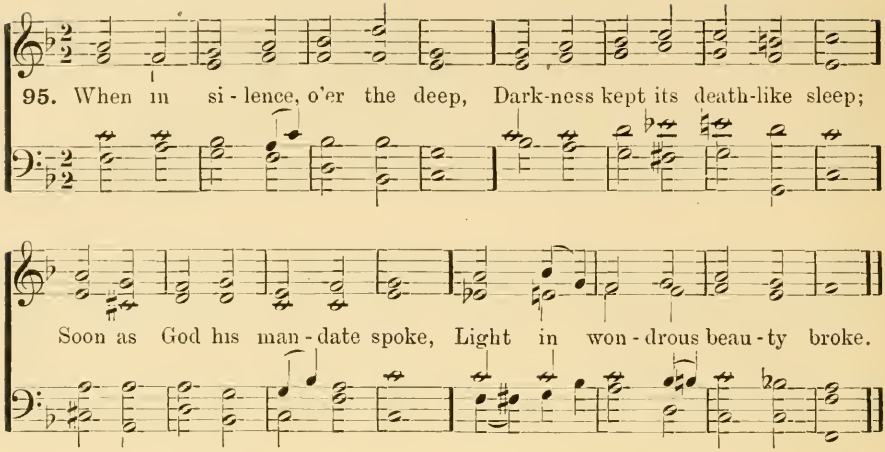
2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus, lift to thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
Jesus, to thy cross I cling.

4 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die.

JAMES D. BURNS.

BEETHOVEN. 7s.



2 But a beam of holier light
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,
When the glory of the Lord,
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Burst the glorious anthem then:
Angels, bending from above,
Joined that strain of holy love.

4 Floating o'er the waves of time,
Comes to us that song sublime,
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear.
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer.

5 For creation's blessed light,
Praise to thee, thou God of might!
Seraph-strains thy name should bless,
For the Sun of Righteousness!

96

1 Glory be to God on high!
Raise, ye saints, your songs of joy;
Sing the news of pardoned sin,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

2 Hail! by all the saints adored!
Hail! thou everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we praise,
God of glory and of grace.

3 Christ our Savior we confess,
Christ the Lord our righteousness;
He, the Lamb of God, was slain,
And we through his blood are clean.

4 Reconciled by him to God,
We proclaim his love aloud;
And with boldness drawing nigh,
Now we "Abba, Father," cry.

5 Lord, we stand before thy throne,
Glorying in thyself alone;
Ever be thy name adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

97

1 All ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord.
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

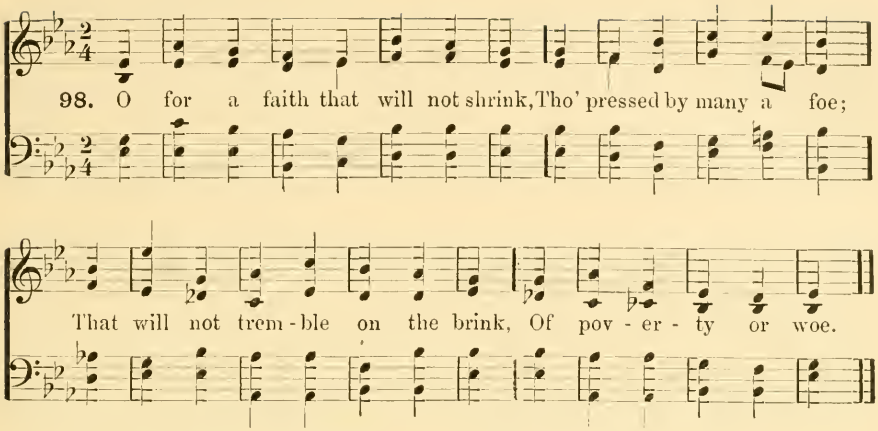
2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him for redeeming grace,
Praise him for his only Son,
Freely given a fallen race,
When redemption's work begun.

4 Praise him for eternal life,
For the kingdom promised long,
Where shall end all toil and strife;
Join, each voice, in praiseful song.

5 Praise him, ye who know his love,
Praise him from the depths beneath,
Praise him in the heights above,
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

ST. FRANCIS. C. M.



2 That will not murmur or complain,
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempest rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By love restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

99

1 Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain.

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found,
Free mercy from above;
That surely moves him to fulfill
The perfect law of love.

100

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

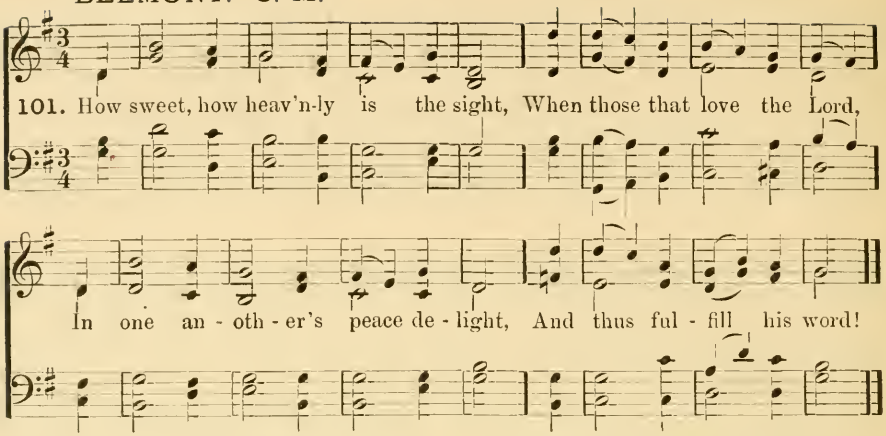
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill.
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Heber.

BELMONT. C. M.



2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows!

SWAIN.

102

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, kinsman, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

NEWTON.

103

1 THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.

2 The north and south her sons resign,
And earth's foundation rend;
A bride adorned, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

3 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

4 Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts thro' earth's extended plains
Were never heard before.

5 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long:
Though saints are feeble, frail and poor,
Their coming King is strong.

104

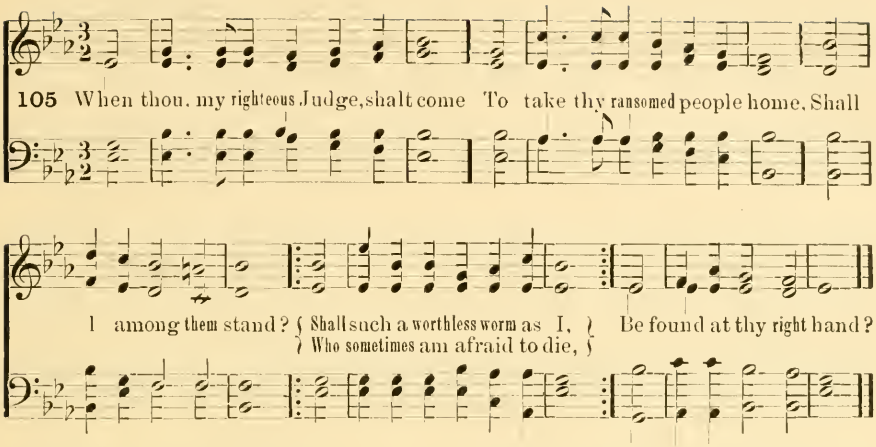
1 O GOD, how precious is thy word,
My love and my delight!
Thy saints behold their great reward,
In its celestial light.

2 They learn from its unerring voice,
What mercy has prepared,
Its wisdom is their joyful choice,
Its counsel is their guard.

3 There with a beaming eye they read,
The grace they shall receive,
When Jesus comes to raise the dead,
And bid the righteous live.

C. COLGROVE.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet we bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then, filled with rapture, shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

106

1 Let all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
And bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the nations know,
His wonders let the nations show,
And all his works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His beauties how divinely bright!
And how divinely fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour!
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess,
The beauty of his holiness,
And all his grace proclaim.

107

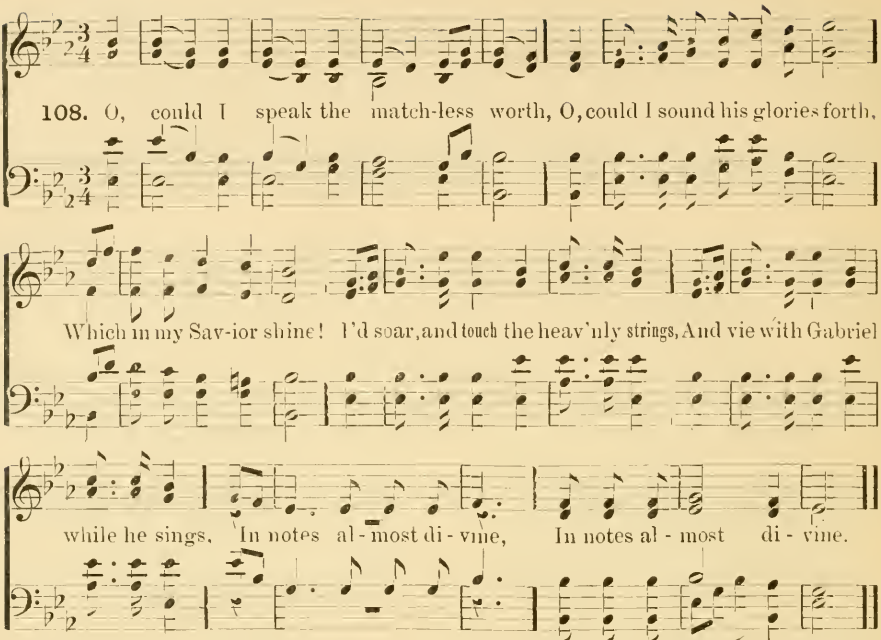
1 How happy are the little flock,
Who safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest;
When wars and tumults' waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus, breast.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Savior's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope:
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace:
The earthquake speaks thee near,
The famine all thy fullness brings:
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And sinners quake with fear.

4 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near;
His chariot will not long delay:
We hear the rumbling wheels and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear!"

ARIEL. C P M



2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

109

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 Oh, that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my wealth on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

CHAS. WESLEY.

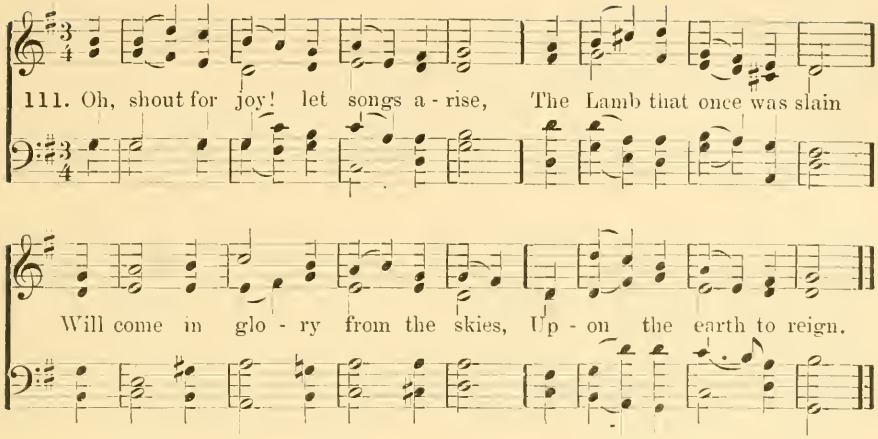
110

1 LET all on earth their voices raise
To sing the great Jehova's praise,
And bless his holy name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light,
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

DUBLIN. C. M.



2 The trumpet sounds, its joyful voice
Is heard o'er land and sea;
And saints arising now rejoice
To live eternally.

3 Yes, they shall live forevermore,
Secure from toil and pain;
And on that bright and happy shore,
With their Redeemer reign.

4 All hail that bright, eternal day,
When David's rightful heir
Shall take the throne and hold the sway,
In glorious triumph there.

Unknown.

112

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

113

1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in his eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

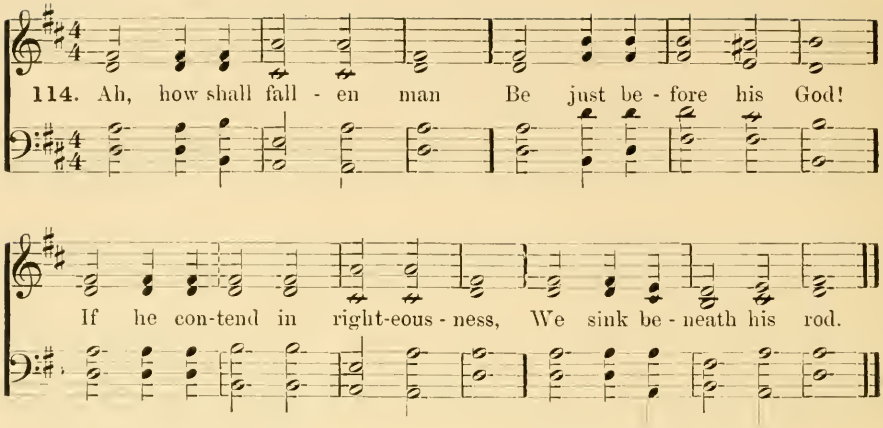
4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath,
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long accord,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

SHAWMUT. S. M.



2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

115

1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found.

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And ev'ry longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Sion's hill.

116

1 Far as the boundless sky
Thy mercy, Lord, ascends;
Far as the rolling clouds can fly,
Thy sacred truth extends.

2 Strong as th' eternal hills,
Thy justice holds its sway;
Deep as the depths old ocean fills,
Thy judgments' wondrous way.

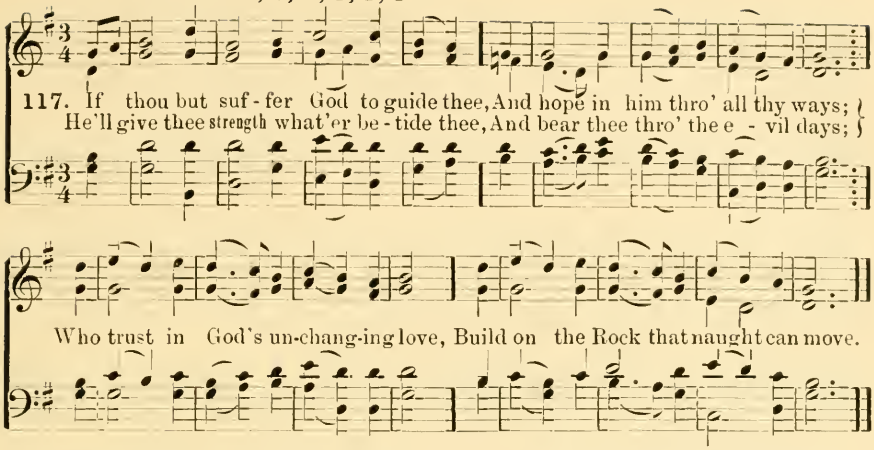
3 Guard of all living things!
How precious is thy love,
That spreads the shadow of its wings
Our trusting race above.

4 Thy household's fulness sweet
Shall sate our longing dreams:
And thine own Eden's joyous seat,
Shall pour refreshing streams.

5 For thine is life's pure rill,
Thine is the light of light:
Oh, give thy saints thy mercy still,
And give the righteous right.

6 Far be the foot of pride,
And far the wasting hand;
And lo! the false transgressors slide,
They fall, they ne'er shall stand.

ALCESTE. 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8.



2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs;
What can it help if thou bewail thee,
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still and wait His leisure,
With cheerful hope and heart content;
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who asks us for His own.

4 Sing, pray and keep his way unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully;
And trust His word, though undeserving,
Thou yet shall find it true for thee,
God never yet forsook in need,
The man that trusted him indeed.

118

1 Great God of wonders, all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself, divine;
But the bright glories of thy grace
Beyond all other glories shine;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such dire transgression to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And in this honor none shall share.
Is there a pardoning God like thee?
Or is there grace so rich and free?

3 Free pardon from insulted God!
Pardon of sins of deepest dye!
Free pardon, given thro' Jesus' blood!
Pardon, that brings the sinner nigh.
Where is the pardoning God like thee?
Or where the grace so rich and free?

4 O, for this glorious, watchful love,
This godlike miracle of grace;
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

119

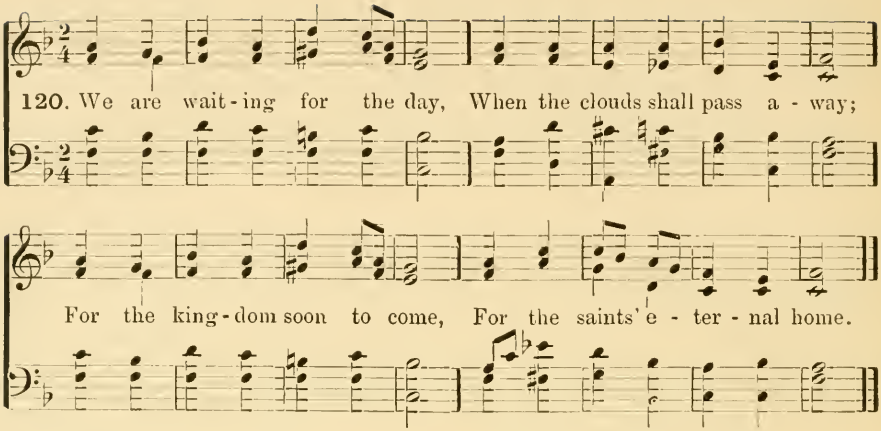
1 Above, below, where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glittering in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

2 I hear thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean-wave to foam;
Nor less of wondrous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam:
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself, for thou art everywhere.

3 I find thee in the moon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks its splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car:
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes, not thy diadem.

4 And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipp'd the mountain-tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold:
That ray of glory bright and fair
Is but thy living shadow there.

SEYMOUR. 7s.



2 Waiting for the victor's crown,
For the glory and renown;
For the cloudless sun to rise,
O'er the new-earth paradise.

3 Waiting for the perfect state,
Just beyond the mystic gate;
Where no fun'ral train shall tread,
Mournfu ly behind the dead.

4 Waiting for the Lord to come,
And unbar the silent tomb,
Change the living, raise the dead,
Make them like their living head.

JOHN L. WINCE.

121

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage is run.

3 Harken, sinner, now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

THOMAS SCOTT.

122

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
Christ, your Savior, asks you why;
Christ, who did your soul retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.

4 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

CHARLES WESLEY.

123

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

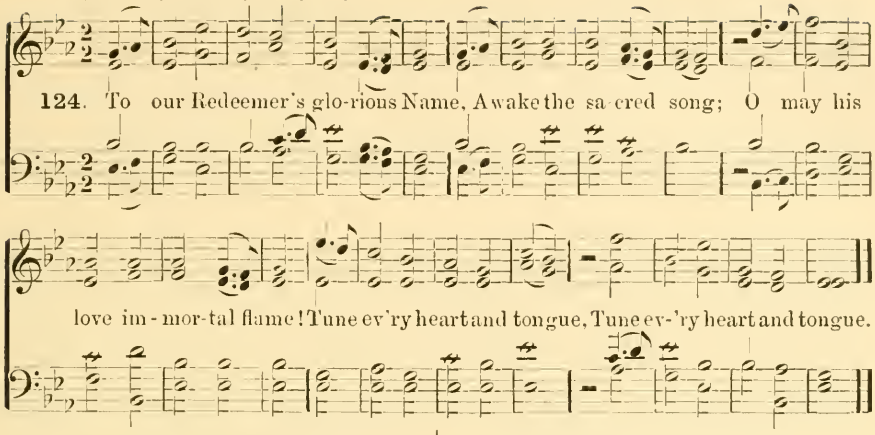
2 Thou who, houseless, sore, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn.

4 Hither come! for here is found,
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

125

1 Jesus, my strength and righteousness,
My Savior and my King,
Triumphantly thy Name I bless,—
Thy conquering Name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy Name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause;
And I enjoy the glorious shame,—
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou givest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour;
I have proclaimed my dying Lord,
And felt thy mighty power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown;
On all the strangers to thy blood,
With pitying love looked down.

5 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace.

6 O never let me blush to own
The glorious gospel word,
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord.

C. Wesley.

126

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

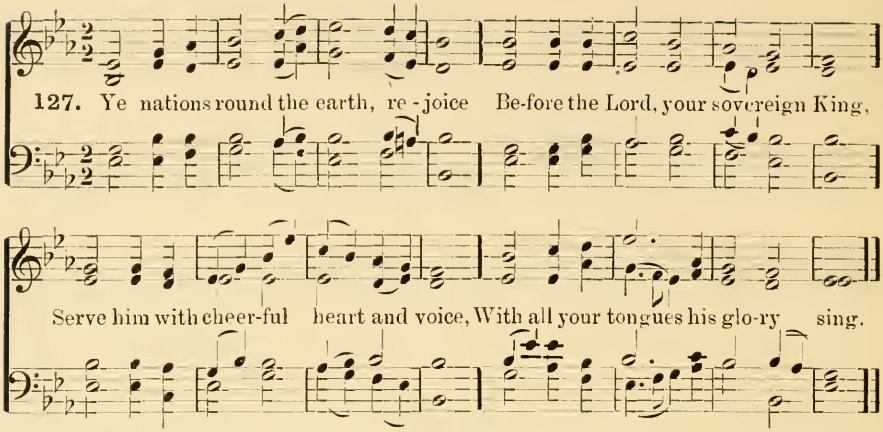
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet,
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with song of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find.
His truth from age to age endure.

ISAAC WATTS.

128

1 PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits,
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail;
O thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

4 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour,
The moral waste within restore;
O let thy love a spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

129

1 JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O! come and reign o'er every land,
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

BATHURST.

130

1 BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand,
In all the armour of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod.

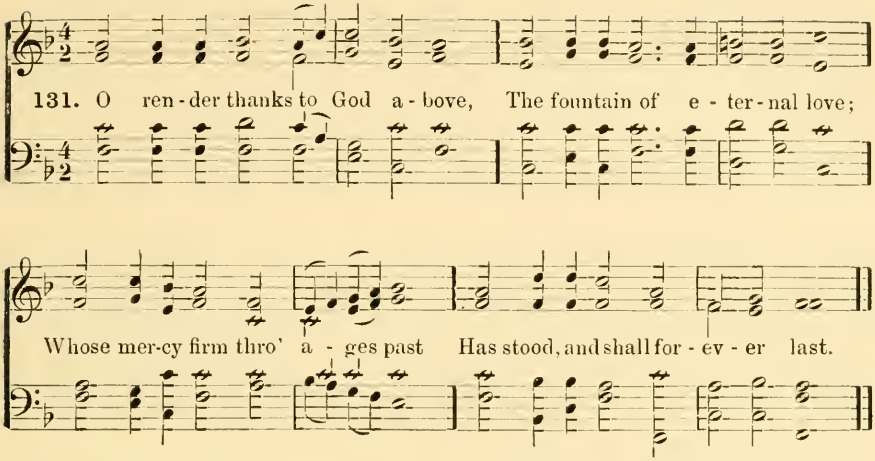
2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

MONTGOMERY.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practice what they know.

4 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou returnest to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

6 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confessed;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord!

132

1 My soul, for help on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

2 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

4 The Lord has oft his will expressed,
And I this truth have fully known,
To be of boundless power possessed,
Belongs of right to God alone.

133

1 Salvation doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song:
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

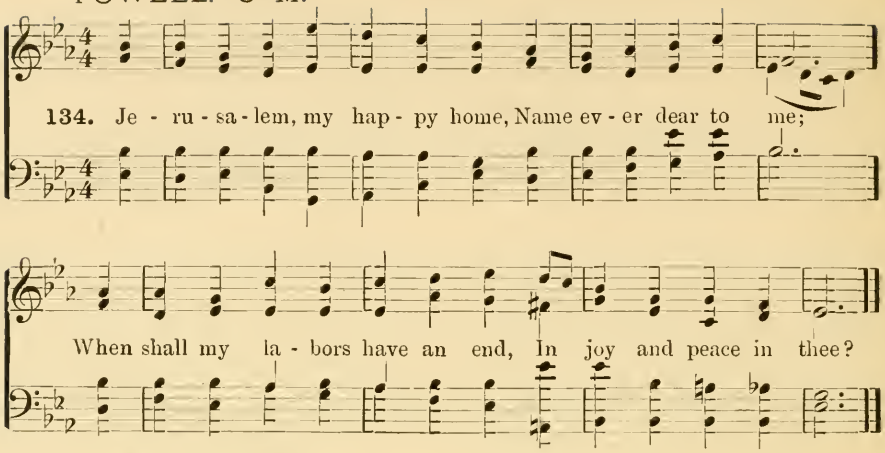
2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And through deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Savior, and our King.

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

POWELL. C M.



1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

135

1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord:
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

2 His works of nature and of grace,
Reveal his wondrous name:
His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heaven and earth proclaim.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He made the liquid waters flow,
To their appointed deep:
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand!
He spoke, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

136

1 To thee, O Lord, I raise my song,
Thy wonders I proclaim,
Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,
For righteous is thy name.

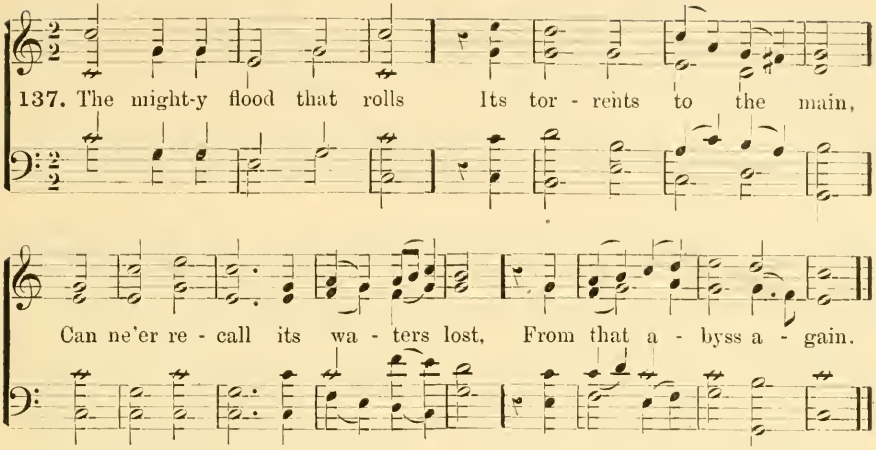
2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And makes his justice known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove,
For all the poor opprest:
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace:
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Whose throne is Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatened word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to-night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light.

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin, till called
To share his blest abode.

5 Cheered by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And Christ shall bring relief.

138

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

139

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth forevermore.

James Montgomery.

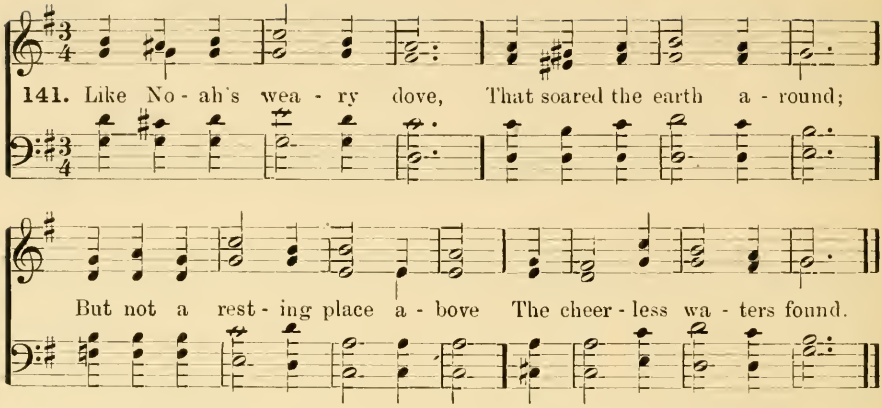
140

1 The harvest dawn is near
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

3 But fearful vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

WOOLWICH. S. M.



1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around;
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found.

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wings to roam;
All the wide world, from pole to pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove my soul no more.

4 There safe shalt thou abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

142

1 In mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

2 Touched by thy quick'ning power,
My load of guilt I feel:
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn?
And wilt not thou, at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4 O come, ere life expires,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfill thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

143

1 May Jacob's God defend
And hear us in distress;
Our succour from his temple send,
Our cause from Zion bless!

2 May he accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give.

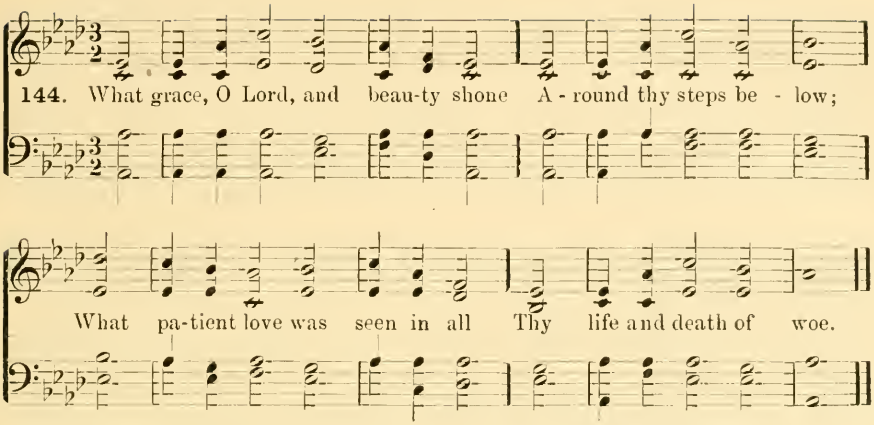
3 O Lord, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in thy name we raise—
"The Lord fulfill our prayer!"

4 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

5 Some earthly succour trust,
But we in God's right hand—
Lo! while they fall, so vain their boast,
We rise, and upright stand.

6 Still save us, Lord; and still
Thy servants deign to bless:
Hear, King of heaven, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

EVAN. C. M.



1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, even on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sin than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Sir Edward Denny.

145

1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessed Savior passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave—
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still, [calm,
We homeward press through storm or
To Zion's blessed hill.

5 By faith his boundless glories there
Our wondering eyes behold;
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

Sir Edward Denny.

146

1 Great God, to thee my grateful tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise;
Inspire my heart to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.

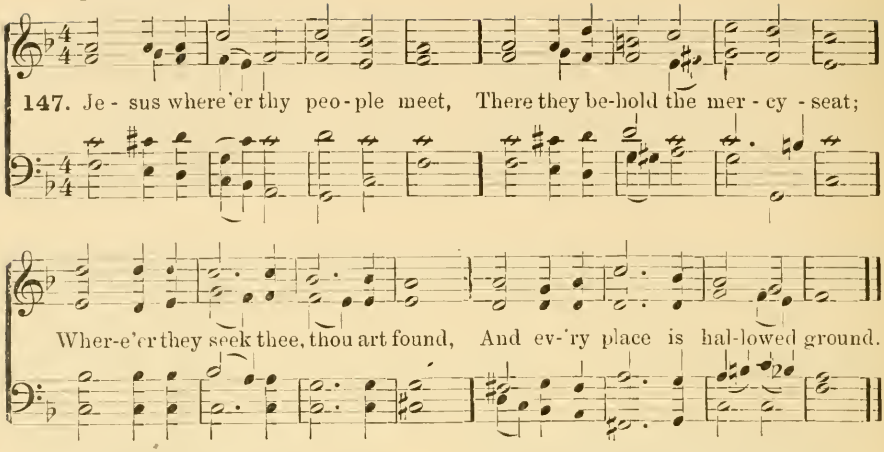
2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital powers;
My time revolves at thy command
In all its circling hours.

3 Thy power, my ever-present guard,
From every ill defend;
While numerous dangers hover round,
My help from thee descends.

4 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
How sweet is my repose!
Thy morning light renews the spring
From which my comfort flows.

5 In celebration of thy praise
I will employ my breath,
And walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

SWEDEN. L. M.



2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
Like sweet incense or sacrifice.

4 Lord we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,
O hear our prayer this favored hour,
Let thousands feel thy saving power.

148

1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The Name by heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

STEELE.

149

1 He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
By thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The hardened sinner shall confound;
But they who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints, that have performed his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

150

1 O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

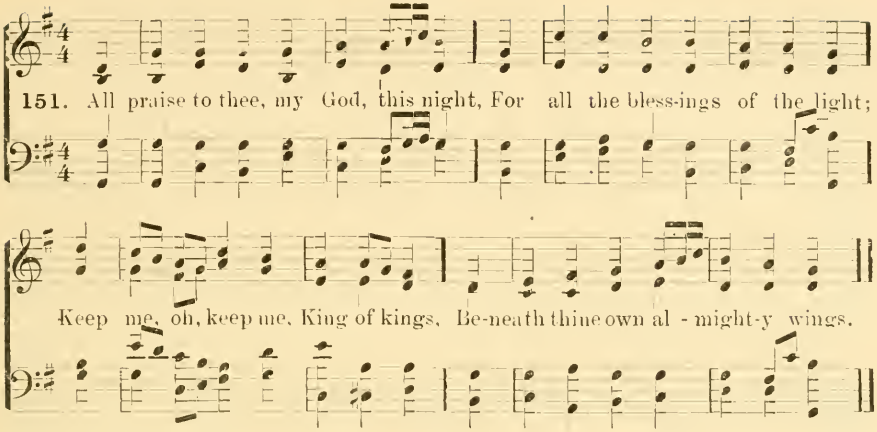
2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall forever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favor gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.



2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grace as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the joyful day.

4 O, may my soul on thee repose:
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

THOMAS KEN.

152

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with love and praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead, for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close:
With sleep refresh my feeble frame:
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

ANNE STEELE.

153

1 O GOD, my God, my all thou art:
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ:
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

3 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted heart I'll pay.

4 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

Translated from the Spanish by JOHN WESLEY.

154

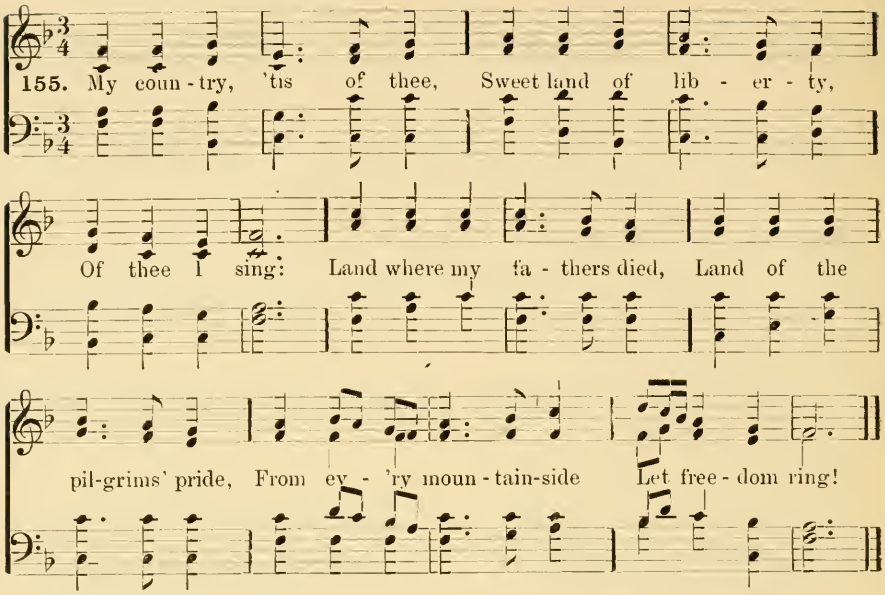
1 EXCEPT the Lord our labors bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise, and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

BATHURST

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

156

1 Our Father, high above,
Look on us in Thy love,
Oh, hear our prayer!
All hallowed be Thy Name,
For holy is the same:
To spread abroad its fame
Be our great care.

2 Our hearts with longing wait
For th' Eternal State,—
Thy Kingdom come!
And our petitions rise
That, as in yonder skies,
The earth may see likewise
Thy will be done!

3 We ask for daily bread:
And let our minds be fed
From thy rich store!
Oh, let us not be tried
More than the strength supplied:
Free us from ill—and guide
Us evermore!

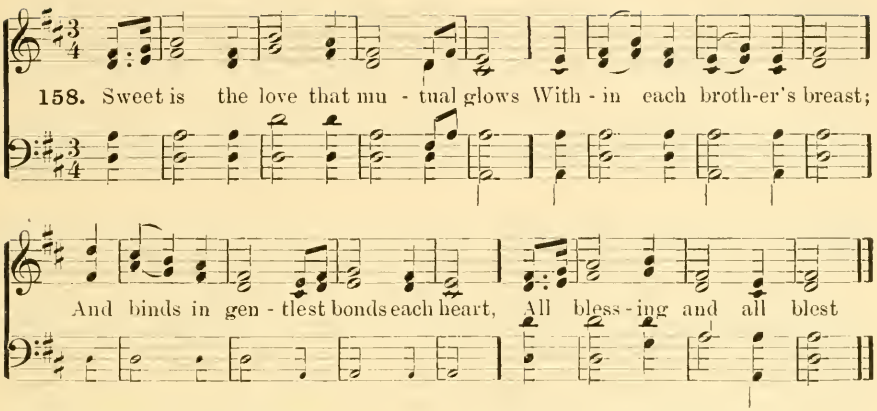
157

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight.

SILOAM. C. M.



2 Sweet is the odorous balsam poured
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,
A breathing fragrance shed.

3 Like morning dews, on Zion's mount
That spread their silver rays,
And deck with gems the verdant pomp
That Hermon's top displays.

4 To such the Lord of life and love
His blessing shall extend;
On earth a life of joy and peace,
A life that ne'er shall end.

159

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
These new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

160

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to death:
Why will you persevere?
O flee from swift approaching wrath,
From darkness and despair.

4 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

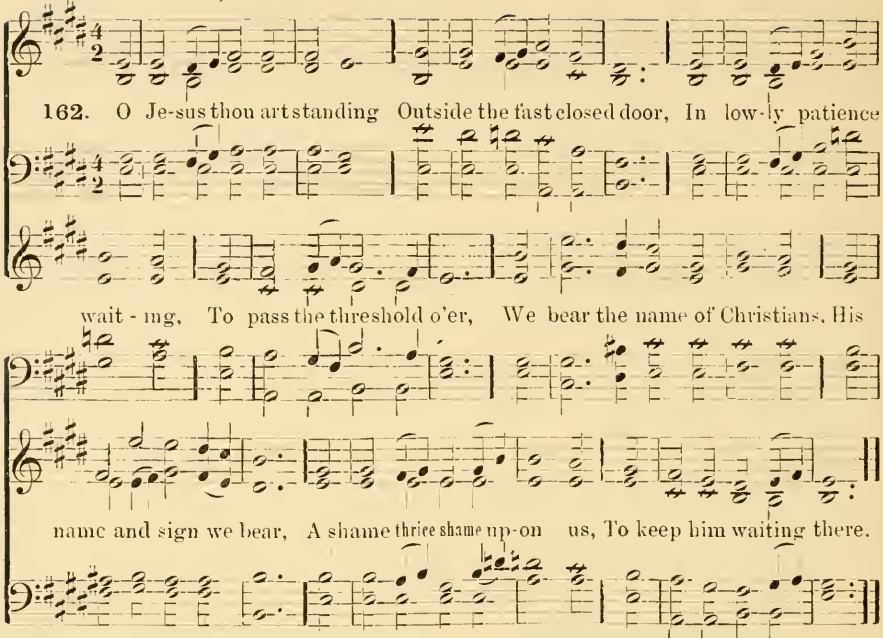
161

1 The Savior! O, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 O, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine:
I cannot wish for more.

3 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all.

EDITH. 7, 6s D.



2 O Jesus thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred;
A love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait;
A sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

3 O Jesus thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door,
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

WM. W. HOW.

163

1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide;
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
All willing hearts to move.

JAMES D. DECK.

164

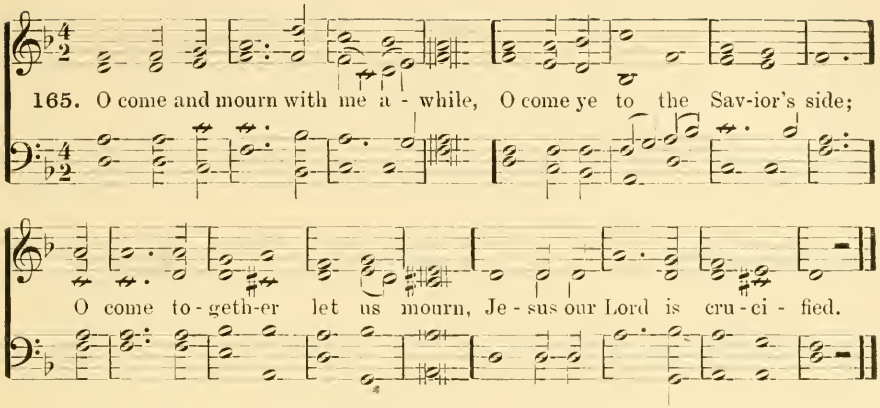
1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

3 Be near me when I'm dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
Forget not at thy coming,
Dear, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX, 3d v. Alt'd.

ST. CROSS. L. M.



2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times he spake seven words of love,
And all three hours his silence cried,
For mercy on the soul of men,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

166

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart;
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

Anne Steele.

167

1 When at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend.
And for his sake receive my prayer.

2 O, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 O, think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is to spare.

4 Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here, my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succor me.

Henry Francis Lyte.

168

1 God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

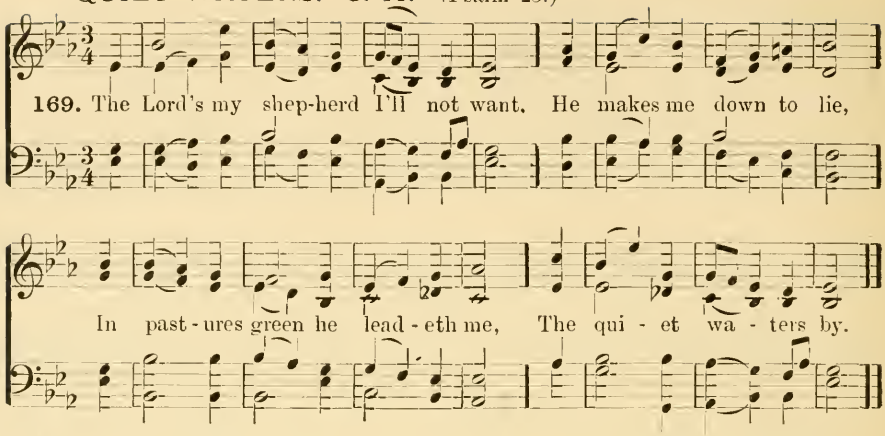
2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Whereshould I lodge my deepcomplaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper.

QUIET WATERS. C. M. (Psalm 23.)



2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me and thy rod
And staff, me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished,
In presence of my foes,
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

170

1 O God, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the father and the Friend
In every act appear.

2 With open hand and liberal heart
Thou wilt our wants supply;
The needful blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And every choice approve.

4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

171

1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 The spring's sweet influence was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

3 These various mercies from above,
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

4 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

Anne Flowerdew.

172

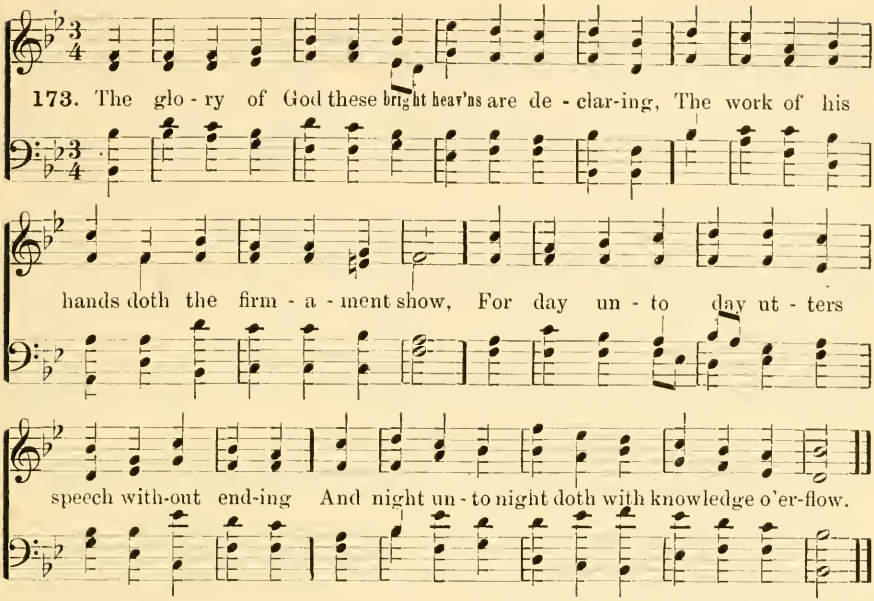
1 O thou, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all:
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

HAMPSTEAD. 12 & 11.



2 No voice breaketh in on the silence around us,
No speech is there uttered and language is none,
All round the wide earth runs the lines of their border,
Their words to the world's widest limits have gone.

3 In them for the sun hath he set a pavilion,
And he, like a bridegroom in bridal array,
Comes forth from his chamber in glory rejoicing.
To speed like a racer of strength on his way.

174

Psalm 19.

1 Rejoice in Jehovah, rejoice O ye righteous, [fair;
For praise to the upright is comely and
With harp and psaltery, give thanks to Jehovah,
Your ten stringed lyre, in his honor prepare.

2 A new song of praise to Jehovah, oh, sing ye,
In notes of loud melody, pour forth your skill, [Jehovah,
For upright and pure is the word of
The deeds of his hand, they are faithfulness still.

3 Just judgment and righteousness alway he loveth, [earth,
Jehovah's free goodness, it filleth the
By the word of Jehovah the heavens were created,
The breath of his mouth to their hosts giveth birth.

4 Jehovah his counsel it standeth eternal,
The thoughts of his heart are forever the same; [hovah,
O blessed the nation whose God is Je-
The people he doth for his heritage claim.

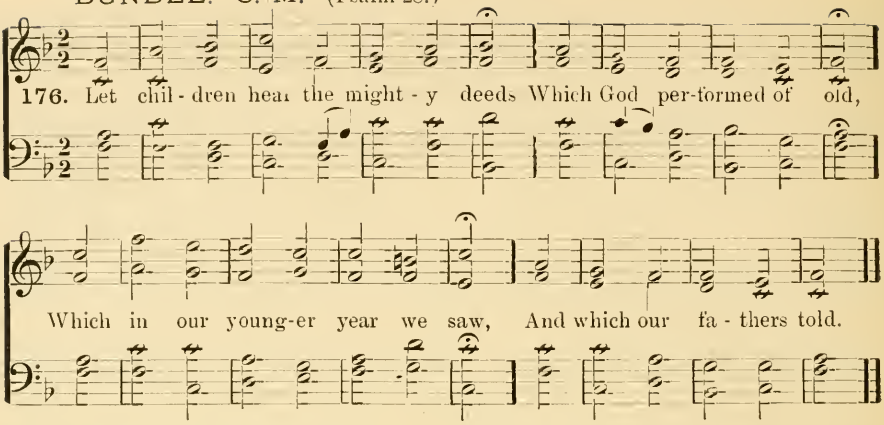
175

Psalm 33.

1 Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee! [doth send!
How oft still the message of mercy
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

DUNDEE. C. M. (Psalm 28.)



2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

ISAAC WATTS.

177

Psalm 2.

1 ATTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontrolled decree:
"Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.

2 "Ask and receive thy full demands;
"Thine shall the nations be;
"The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possessed by thee."

3 "Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
"And crash them everywhere,
As massy bars of iron break,"
"The potter's brittle ware."

4 Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear
Ye Judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

178

Psalm 13.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chast'ning or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

4 By these may I be warned betimes:
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

179

Psalm 9.

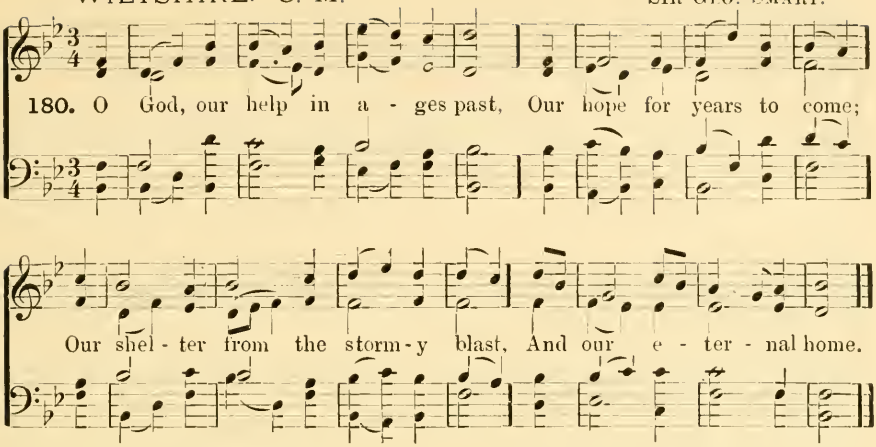
1 LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blessed courts repair?
Not stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves:
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound,
Or harken to a false report,
By malice whispered round.

4 The man who, by this steady course,
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall [stand,
By Providence secured.

WILTSHIRE. C. M. SIR GEO. SMART.



2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy sain s have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its suns away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

181

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

182

1 WHEN to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee.—

2 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

3 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

183

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

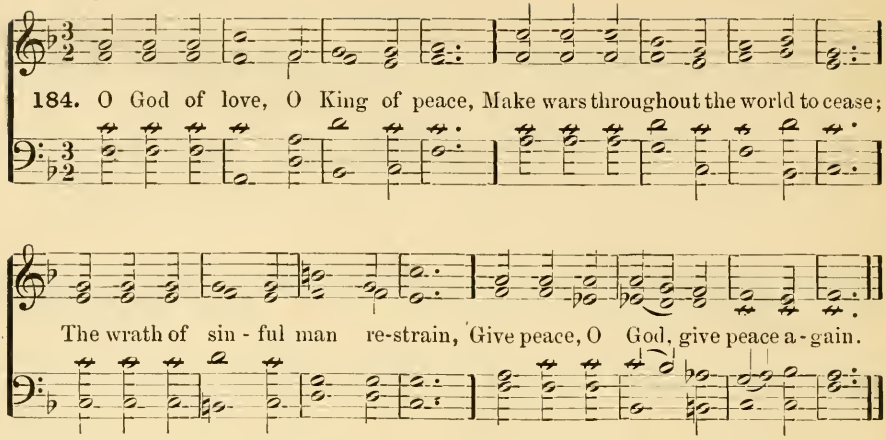
2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should be all thine.

QUEBECK. L. M. H. BAKER.



2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord,
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love,
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

185

1 O THOU, to whom all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it looks to thee;
O burst its bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy will.

186

Psalm 54.

1 SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to over-whelm my soul:
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'er-flow my head.

2 O Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer:
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving power.

3 From threatening dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve:
From all my foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.

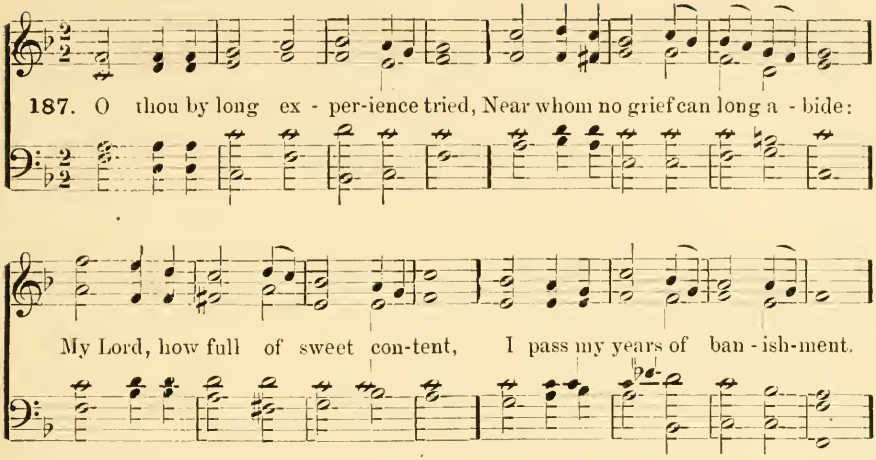
4 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

5 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I looked for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain;
But looked, alas! for both in vain.

6 With hunger pined, for food I call,
Instead of food they gave me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They gave me vinegar to drink.

7 For new afflictions they produced
For him, who had thy stripes endured;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

BROOKLYN. L. M. E. CORKILL.



2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell they dwell in thee
In heaven or earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains no place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none,
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot,
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

188

1 'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest and break;
What love through all his action ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive, and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blest the wine,
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "In memory of your dying Friend
Do this," he said, "till I shall come;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

189

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went—
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on, 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

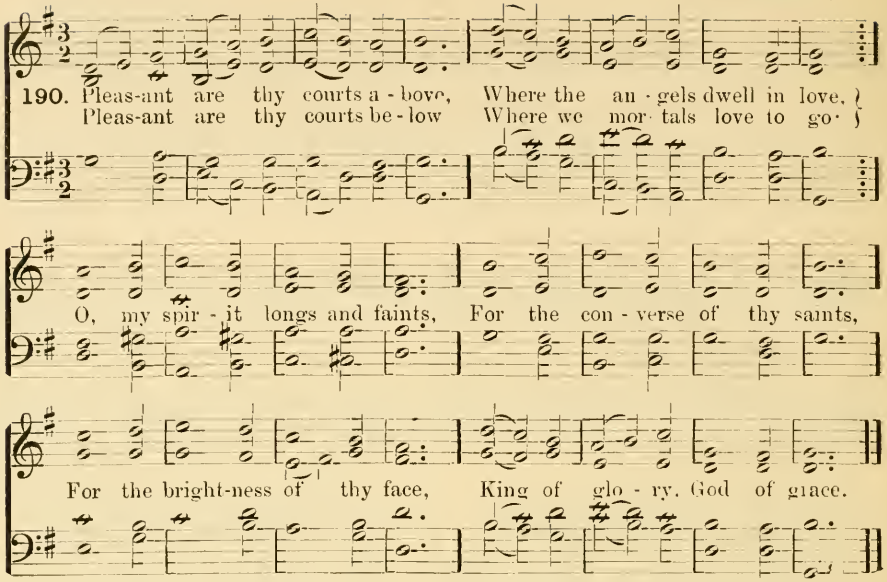
3 Go, labor on, your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not, the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

HORATIUS BONAR.

MAIDSTONE, 7s. D. W. B. GILBERT.



2 Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round thy alters, O most High,
Happier souls that find a rest,
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No respose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach their home at length.
In thy kingdom pure and blest,
There they'll find eternal rest.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart,
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

191

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

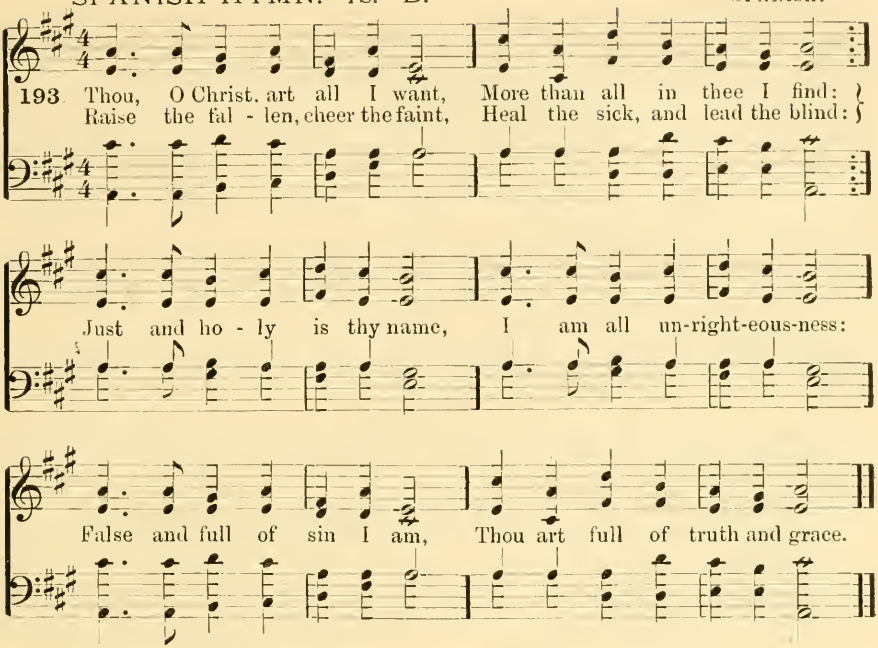
2 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast—
Earnest of immortal rest.
Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

192

1 HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore:
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain:
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name:
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D. SPANISH.



2 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY.

194

1 SON of God, thy people's shield,
Must we still thy absence mourn?
Let thy promise be fulfilled,—
Thou hast said, "I will return."
Gracious Master, soon appear,
Quickly bring thy morning's light,
Then will cease the constant tear,
Hope be turned to joyful sight.

2 As a woman counts the days
Till her absent lord she see,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So the church must long for thee.
Come, that we may see thee nigh:
Then the sheep will feed in peace;
Hushed forever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

195

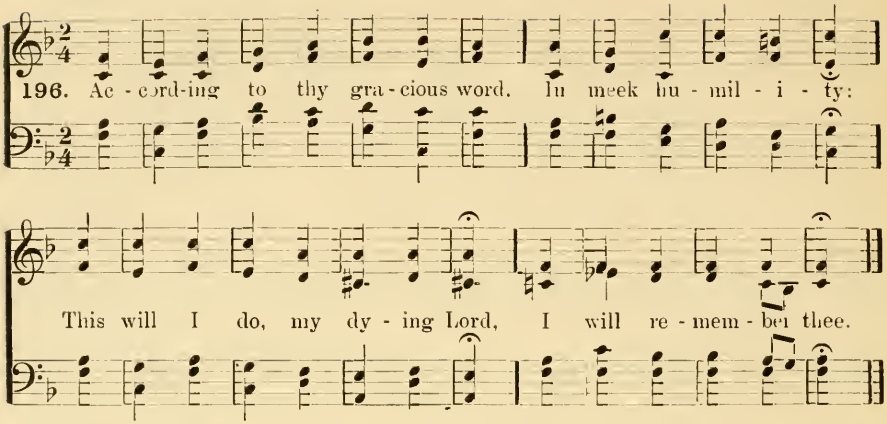
1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Ante-date the joys above,—
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace;
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

WESLEY.

ST. JOHN. C. M. J. TURLE.



2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup partake,
And thus remember thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and blood sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary;
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

197

1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

198

1 WHERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord by prayer,
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And he will surely hear.

2 Shine, Lord, on every soul that comes
By prayer to seek thy face;
Thou knowest our hope, our only hope,
Is grounded on thy grace.

3 Help us, O Lord, to ask in faith;
Take unbelief away,
And for the blessings that we need,
Give us a heart to pray.

199

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Savior, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to embrace
And all thy love to feel.

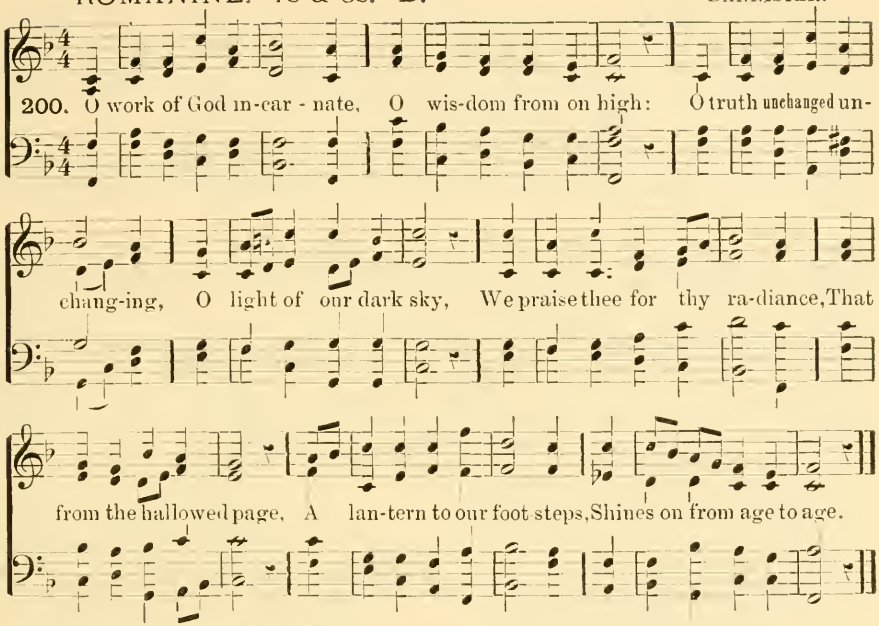
3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ROMANINE. 7s & 6s. D. BANNISTER.



2 The church, from her dear Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine,
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven drawn picture,
Of Christ the living Word.

3 O make thy church, dear Savior,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations,
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach thy wandering pilgrims,
By this their path to trace,
Till clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

201

1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear:
The evening is advancing,
The midnight now is near:
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh,
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

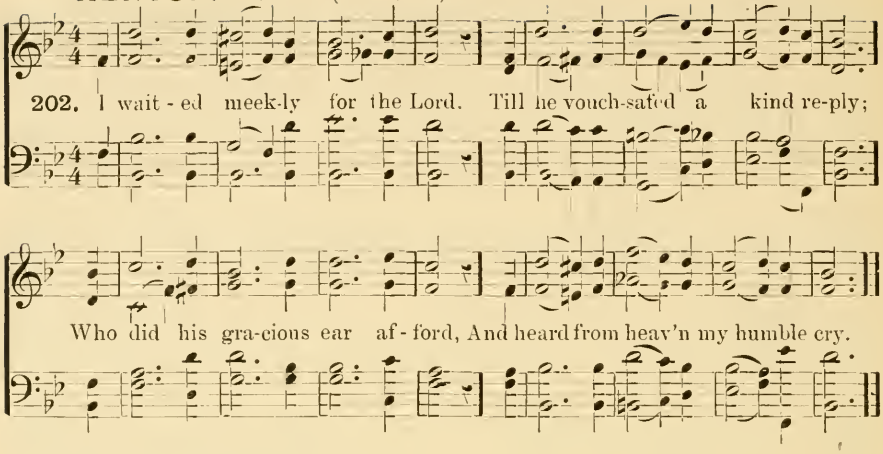
2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil:
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in the songs of glory,
They meet the angel choir:
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The doors wide open stand:
Be ready, then, to meet him,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and suff'ring bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold:
In triumph cast before him,
Your diadems of gold!

5 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus! now appear:
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere:
With heart and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see,
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

KENYON. L. M. (Psalm 11.) DONIZETTI.



2 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise,
And others to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.

3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats tne proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

4 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought!
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and tho't.

5 I've learnt that thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.

6 I therefore come—come to fulfill
The oracles thy books impart:
'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

7 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge.

8 Nor kept within my breast confined
Thy faithfulness and saving grace:
But preached thy love, for all designed,
That all might that and truth embrace.

9 Then all those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

203

Psalm 53.

1 LORD, when thy vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too,
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose.

2 Fair Branch! ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
Engrafted branches to the tree.

3 'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand,
Gird with thy strength at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

204

Psalm 69.

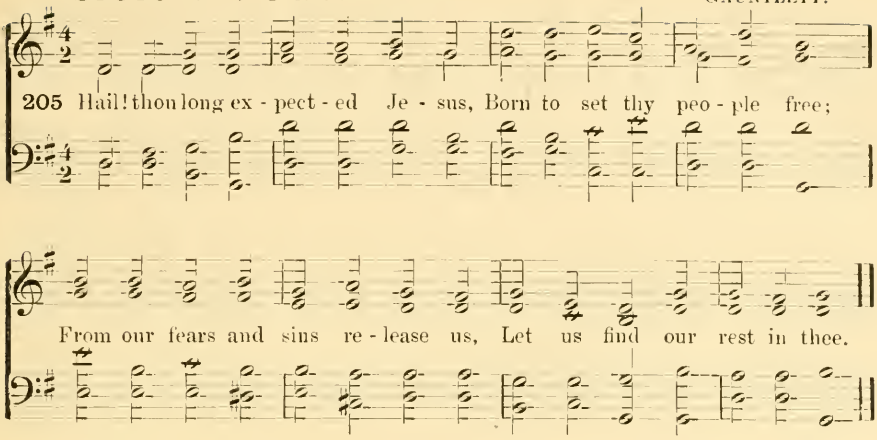
1 GIVE to the Lord, ye tribes and tongues,
Give to the Lord his praise and state;
Give to the Lord your sweetest songs,
And come with gifts, and throng his gate.

2 Oh, fear and bow in sacred grace,
And tell each land, that God is King:
He fixed the world's unchanging base,
And he its righteous doom shall bring.

3 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
The peopled ocean toss and roar,
The plenteous fields lift high their voice,
The wood's wild hymn in thunder soar.

4 So let them hail their sovereign God;
For lo, he comes, he comes with might,
To wield the sceptre and the rod,
To judge the world with truth and right.

STUTGARD. 8 & 7s. GAUNTLETT.



2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet Christ our King;
Born to reign on earth forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

206

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting King,
Thou didst suffer to redeem us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail! thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

207

1 HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Savior's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

CAWOOD.

208

1 JESUS, thou art all compassion,—
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

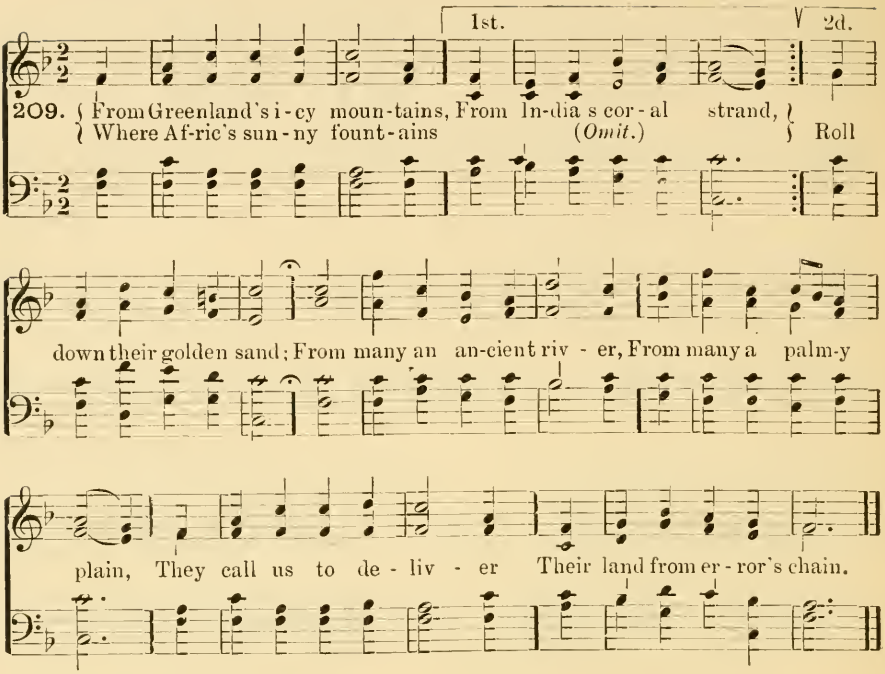
2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

3 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.

5 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7 & 6s. D. LOWELL MASON.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle:
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

REYNALD HEBER.

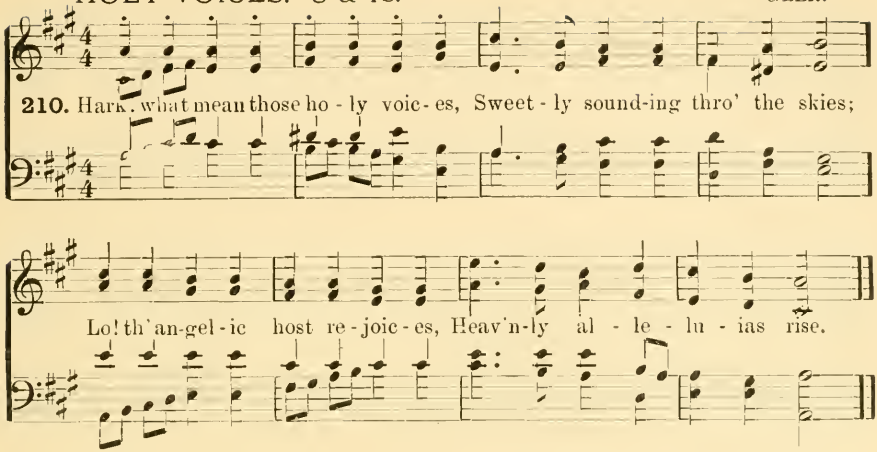
210

1 How beauteous on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

HOLY VOICES. 8 & 7s. GEER.



2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Lives redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth, his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

211

1 CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away:
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

212

1 LORD of glory! thou hast bought us,
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield thee
Gladly, freely, of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence,—
"Ye have done it unto me!"

4 Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee:
But, oh,—best of all thy graces—
Give us thine own charity.

213

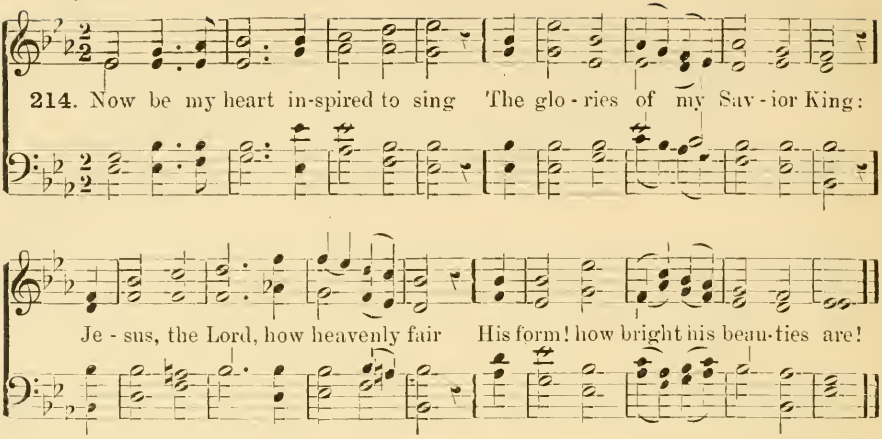
1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

TRURO. L. M. C BURNEY.



1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Savior King:
Jesus, the Lord, how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, forever stands!
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

ISAAC WATTS.

215

1 O CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord!
Savior of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls.
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars at night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Gregory, 550-60 ; tr. by RAY PALMER.

216

Psalm 5.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 Lord, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust;
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

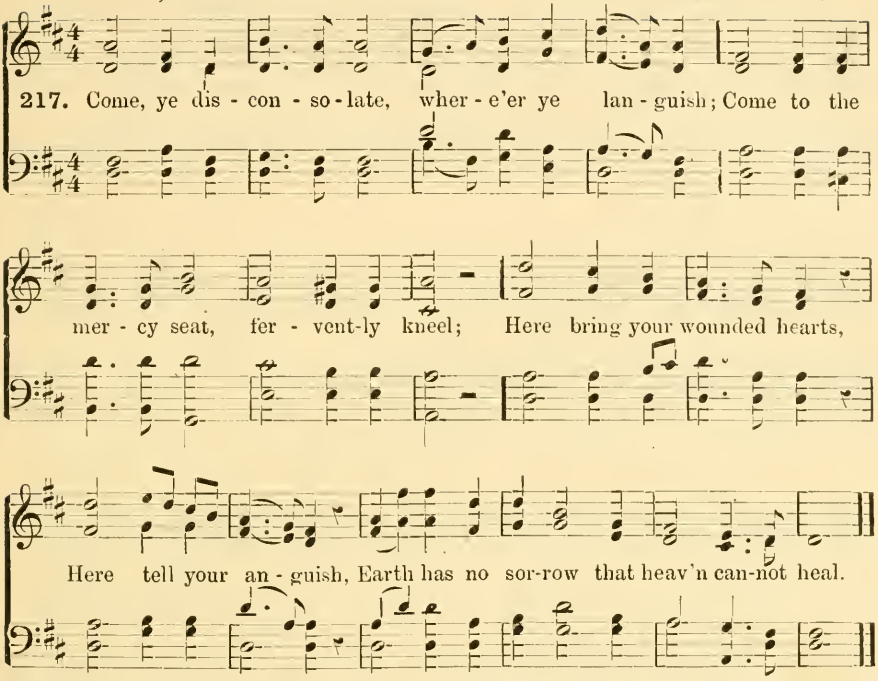
3 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

4 Yes! these, and brighter glories wait,
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honors shall thy Son adorn—
He, who of all things is first-born!

5 See him below the angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

6 The world to come, redeemed from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall.
New-made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Savior's feet.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. SAMUEL WEBB.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared, come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

218

1 HAIL, the blest morn! hail the wonderful stranger,
Seraphs and regions of glory, descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for your guide the bright angels attend.

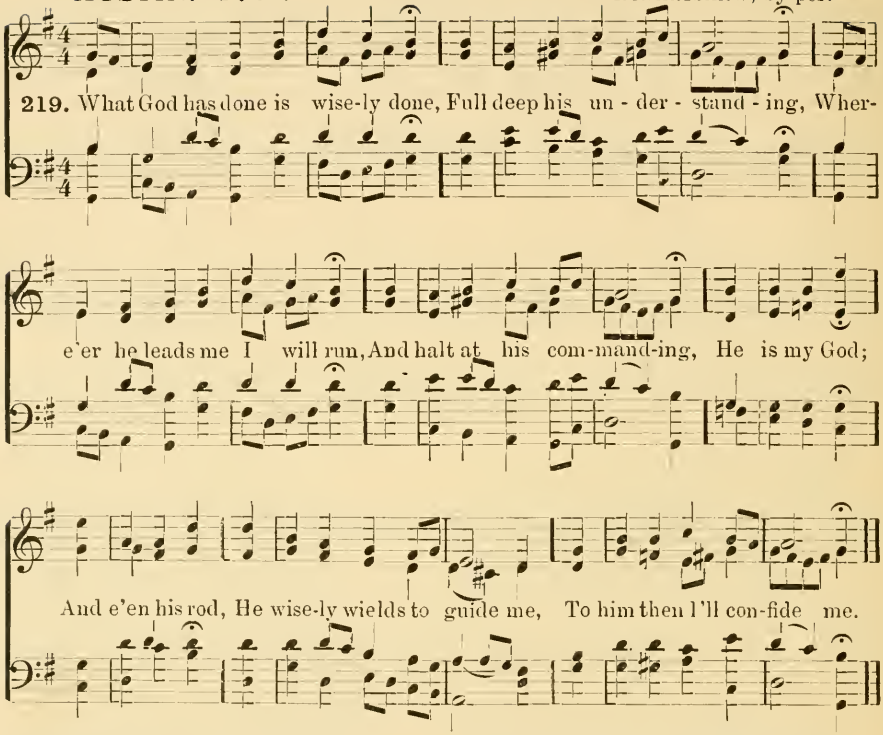
2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on your darkness and lend us thy aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining.
Prophet, and Sovereign, and Savior of all.

4 Say shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'ring divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

AUSTIN. P. M. ROBERTSHAW, by per.



2 What God hath done is kindly done,
My Father can't forget me;
His heart beats for his earthly Son,
He knows the cares that fret me
In weal or woe,
Full well I know,
E'en while his face he veileth,
His goodnees never faileth.

3 What God hath done is right well done,
Upon the Rock I plant me;
Woe, want, and danger, may come on,
Nor death himself can daunt me,
Though sorrow strike,
Yet Father like,
God in his arms will hide me,
To him then I'll confide me.

220

1 AWAKE, my soul, wake up from sleep,
And work out thy salvation;
For prayer and watching thee, must keep
Free from the world's temptation,
Then watch and pray,
Through all the day.
For sleep may overtake thee,
And death his captive make thee.

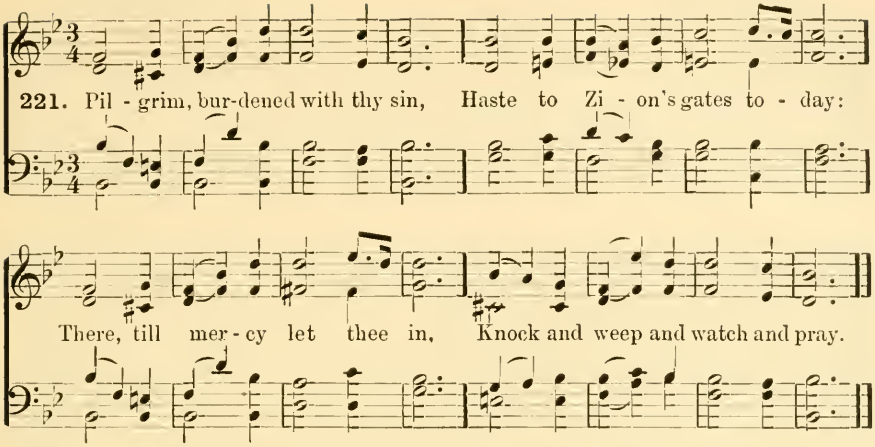
2 Keep watch, the morning is not far,
And day is dawning round thee,
For Christ hath risen, thy morning star
And heavenly hope is found thee,
So keep thine eye
Fast fixed on high,
And strong be thine endeavor,
Lest thou should sleep forever.

3 O watch and pray: thou needest both,
And let thy watch be prayerful,
So God will make thee free from sloth,
And earnest, sober, careful,
For he'll attend,
And help he'll send,
E'en when to him thou criest,
And thou on him rehest.

4 O how to watch and how to pray,
My Father deign to show me,
And then let come what foes there may,
There's none shall over-throw me,
Though storms may fall,
And death may call,
It is to brighter waking,
And heavenly daylight breaking.

Tr. from the German, by I. S. STALLUBRASS.

MERCY. 7s. GOTTSCHALK.



2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear,
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch—till heavenly light appear,
Pray—she hears the mourner cry.

3 Mourning pilgrim, what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee,
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4 Sorrow shall forever fly,
Shame shall never enter there,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Pain in endless bliss expire.

222

1 JESUS Christ is passing by,
Sinner, lift to him thine eye;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, Be merciful to me!

2 Lo! he stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of me?"
Rise, and tell him all thy need;
Rise, he calleth thee indeed.

3 "Lord. I would thy mercy see:
Lord, reveal thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control."

4 O, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes,—it is salvation's hour;
Jesus gives from guilt release,
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

J. DENHAM SMITH.

223

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.

224

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art so let us be!

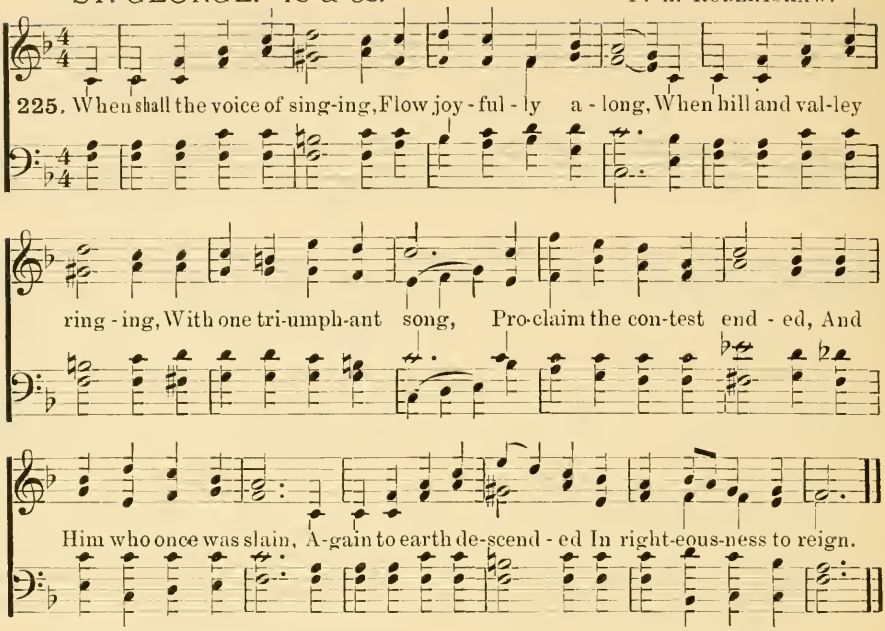
2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O, fix my wavering mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

ANNA DOBER, 1735, tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1740.

ST. GEORGE. 7s & 6s. F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



2 When from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply,
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swel ing,
In one eternal sound.

226

1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies:
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountain,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest;
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

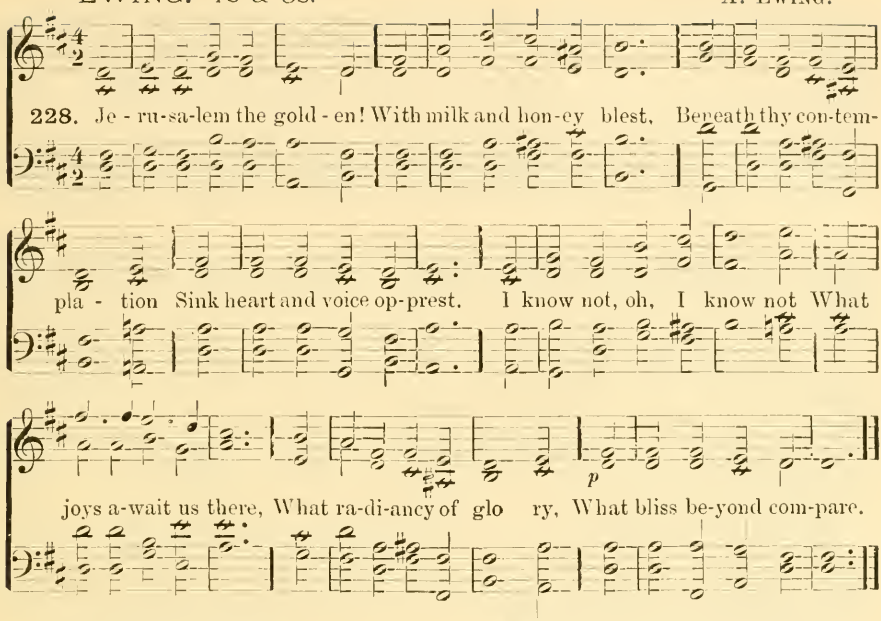
227

1 AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

EWING. 7s & 6s. A. EWING.



2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy brings us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
In glory, ever blest.

BERNARD of Clugny, 1150; tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1851

229

1 OH, for the robes of whiteness!
Oh, for the tearless eyes!
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Savior face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting place!

2 Jesus, thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell in thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me;
Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter,
E'en now, before thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On thee, and thee alone.

CHARITIE LEES SMITH.

230

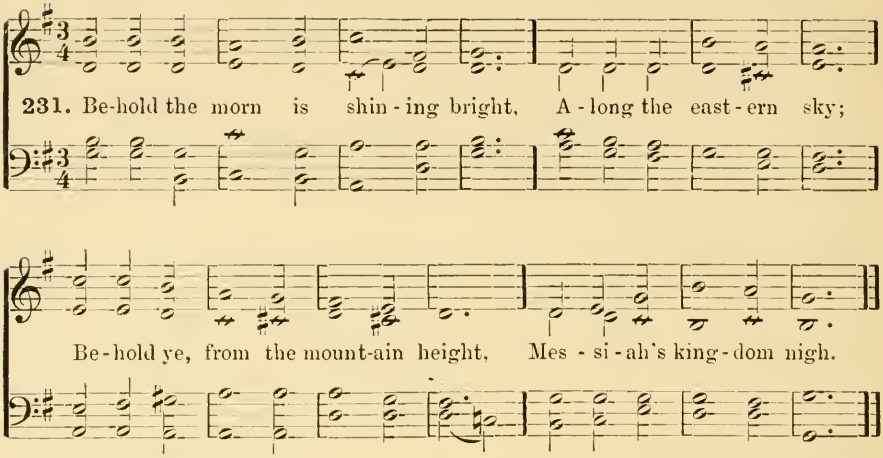
1 ALL glory, praise, and honor
To thee, Redeemer King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring;
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed one.

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high:
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply:
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee amidst thy glory
Our melody we raise:
Thou didst accept their praises:
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

THEODULPH, Bishop of Orleans, 1821; tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1856.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



2 Ye captive tribe, rise ye, arise!
Thy king is coming soon,
Jerusalem in robes of praise,
Shall wear the golden crown.

3 Arise and shine! thy light is come,
Thy night shall flee away,
The times foretold by prophets old,
No longer shall delay.

4 Ye graves give up the holy dead,
Ye trees of life rebloom,
Ye saints now join your living Head,
Beyond the chilling tomb.

5 Thy kingdom come! oh, mighty One,
Make war and crime to cease.
Reign thou upon thy royal throne,
Bring everlasting peace.

H. V. REED.

232

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defense to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power:
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.

3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?

233

1 ALL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amid the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The ancient people of his grace
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 O, all ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue:
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

4 His mercy reigns through every land:
Proclaim his grace abroad:
Forever firm his truth shall stand
Praise ye the faithful God.

234

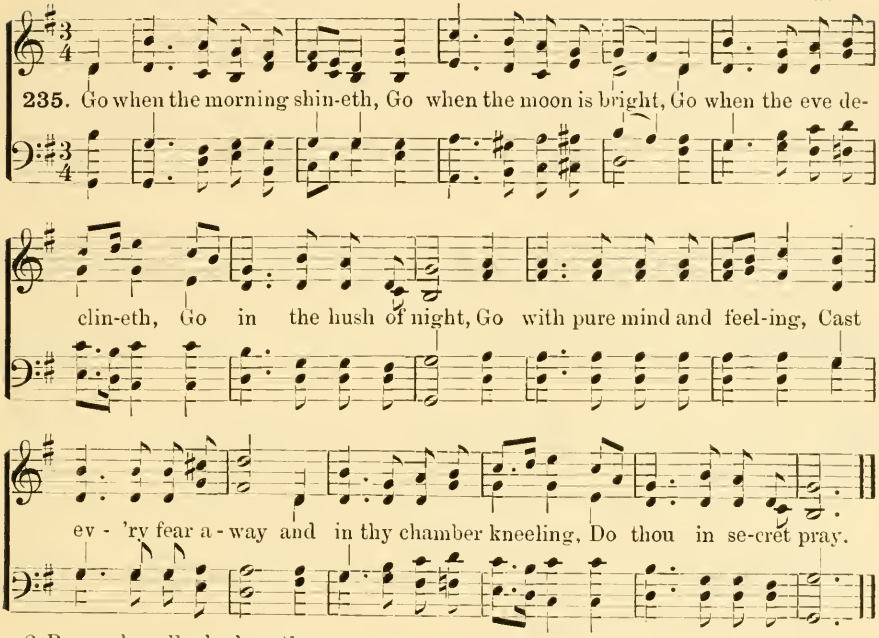
1 GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith.
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

SUPPLICATION. 7s & 6s. D. HAYDEN.



2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those that hate thee,
If any such there be,
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 But if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then in silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

236

1 CHRIST shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring, in his path, to birth;
Before him on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

2 Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

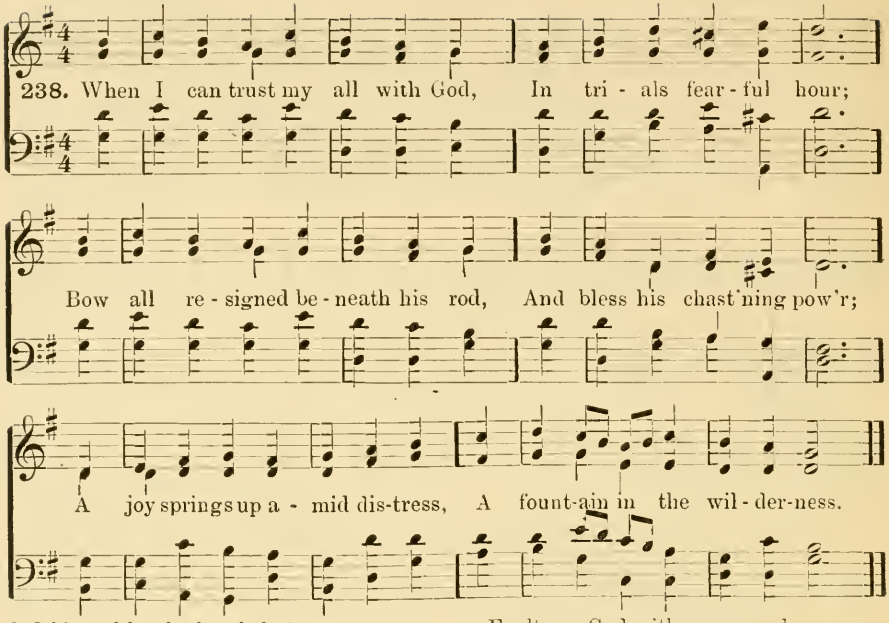
3 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

237

1 FOR Christ, shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

2 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest!
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His great, blest name of Love!

ARDWICK. P. M. F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



2 O blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks;
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

239

1 I HEARD the voice of love divine,
In accents sweet and low;
Addressing man to trouble born,
As streams to ocean flow;
Come unto me all ye oppressed,
And I will give eternal rest.

2 Again it spake, come unto me,
With weary labor worn.
Rest and refreshment are for thee,
Blessed are they that mourn.
The Lord himself with bounteous grace,
Shall wipe the tear from every face.

3 Again it spake with accents strong,
With voice of trumpet deep;
Arise, ye saints, a mighty throng,
No longer shall you weep.
Oh, welcome voice, oh, glad refrain,
We with the Lord shall ever reign.

Arr. by J. W. WILSON.

240

1 SING hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Sing with a cheerful voice,
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:
Till in the world of endless light,
Your praises shall all earth unite.

2 There saints to all eternity
Shall join the angelic rays:
And sing in sweetest harmony,
To their Redeemer's praise;
"He hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

Arr. by J. W. WILSON.

241

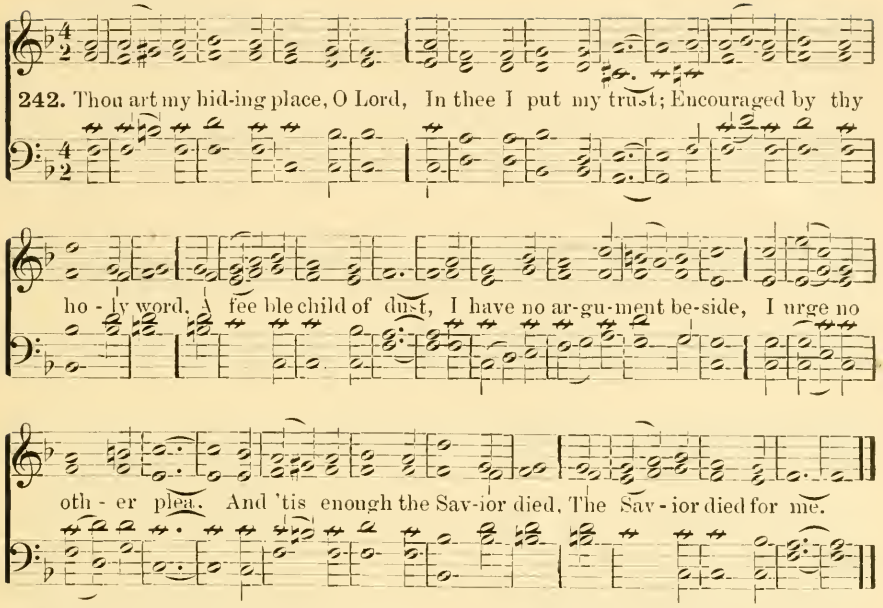
1 Let others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine.
And monarchs swell the state:
Descended from the king of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
Since I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in my eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown.
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me on a throne:
No name no honors here I crave. [grave.
Well pleased with those beyond the

J. L. WINCE.

CHESTER. C. M. D.



2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail;
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words.
My spirit flies to thee,
Joy to my heart the thought affords
My Savior died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne.
When mortal strength is vain.
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain,
Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this the witness in my breast,
That Jesus died for me.

4 And when Thine awful voice commands,
This body to decay,
And life in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;
Then though it be in accents weak
And faint and trembling;
O give me strength in death to speak,
My Savior died for me.

243

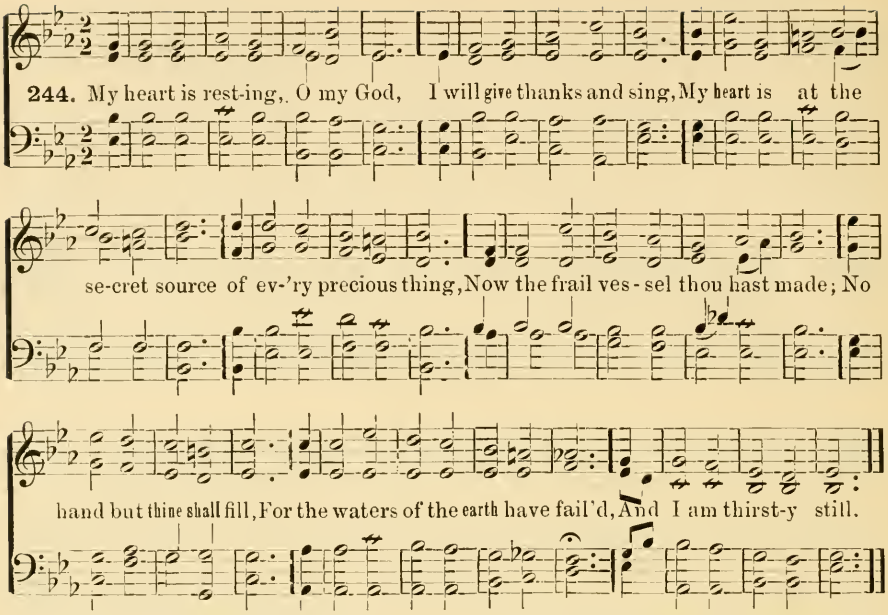
1 Why mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlooked thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?
Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of him
Who made the earth and sky?

2 Art thou afraid his power will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?
Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

3 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart;
Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigor cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine
When at the trumpet's welcome voice,
Shall righteous dead arise,
On wings of faith they'll mount to meet
The Savior in the skies.

REST. C. M. D. CALCOTT.



2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies,
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long loved music set,
Glory to thee for all thy grace,
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want, and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to thyself,
For what is most my own,
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I may not see,
But the hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in thy care,
I hear the voice of joy and health,
Resounding everywhere,
Thou art my portion, saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad amen
Will never die away.

245

1 How still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last;
The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toil he bore.

2 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes;
All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

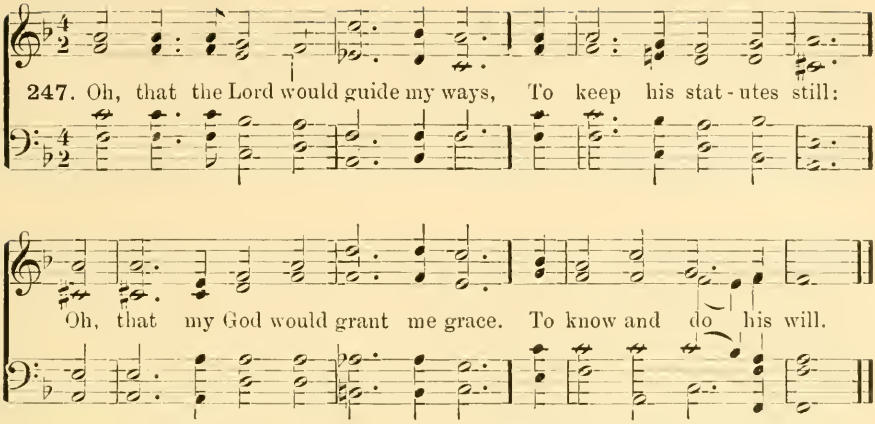
246

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same;
A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

ISAAC WATTS.

PRAYER C. M. BAMBRIDGE.



2 Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

248

1 SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, and hope, and love.

HEBER.

249

1 Thy broken body, gracious Lord!
Is shadowed by this broken bread,
The wine which in this cup is poured,
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.

2 And while we meet together thus,
We show that we are one in Thee;
Thy precious blood was shed for us;
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.

3 We have one hope—*that thou wilt come;*
Thee in the air we wait to see:
When thou wilt give thy saints a home,
And we shall ever reign with Thee.

250

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

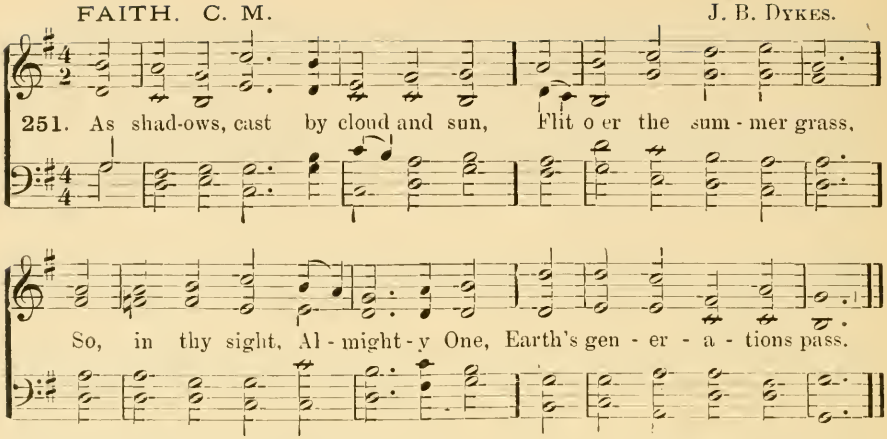
2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

WATTS.

FAITH. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

252

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

253

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

254

1 WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

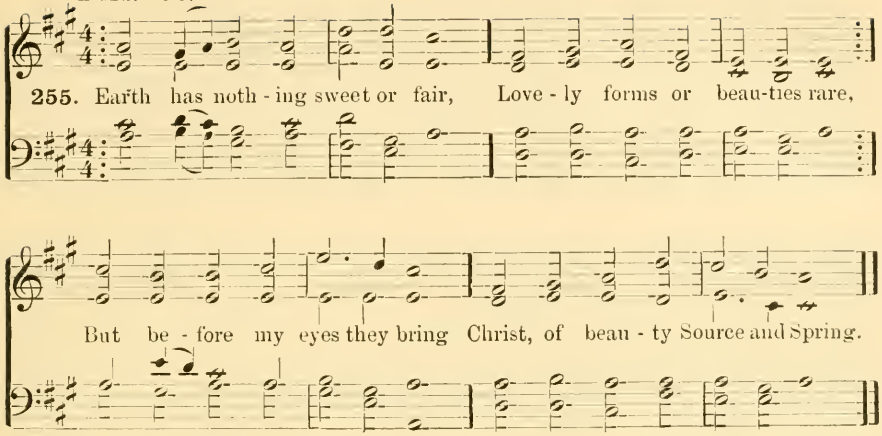
2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept:
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Savior rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died from death to save

RAY PALMER.

DIX. 7s. KOCHER



2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Savior's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light;
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

F. E. COX, tr.

256

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Highest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

257

1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

JOHN NEWTON.

258

1 SAVIOR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

J. E. LEESON.

259

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Savior quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom!

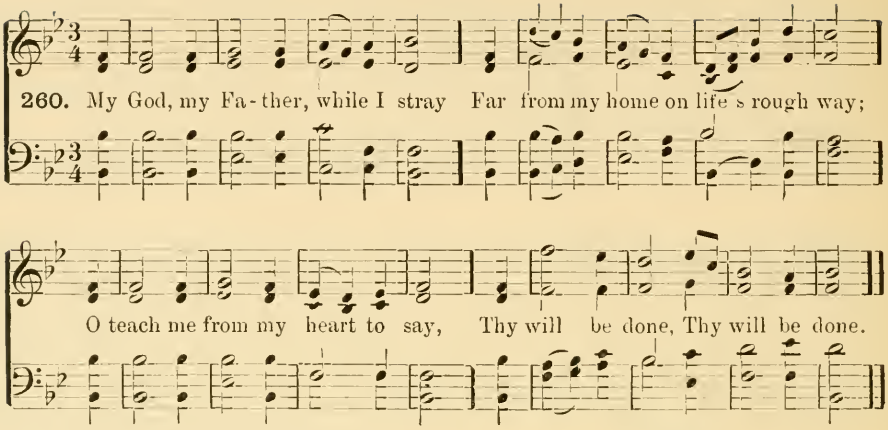
2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the joyful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conq'ror mount the skies;
When he comes, ye conquer too:
He has triumphed thus for you.

4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide;
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thy own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Raise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues!

THY WILL BE DONE. L. M.



2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still I would reply,
Thy will be done.

4 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine,
Thy will be done.

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

261

1 When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my Lord;
O let the things which charm me most
Be those which magnify his word.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my zeal, my life, my all!

Isaac Watts.

262

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

263

1 Our Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

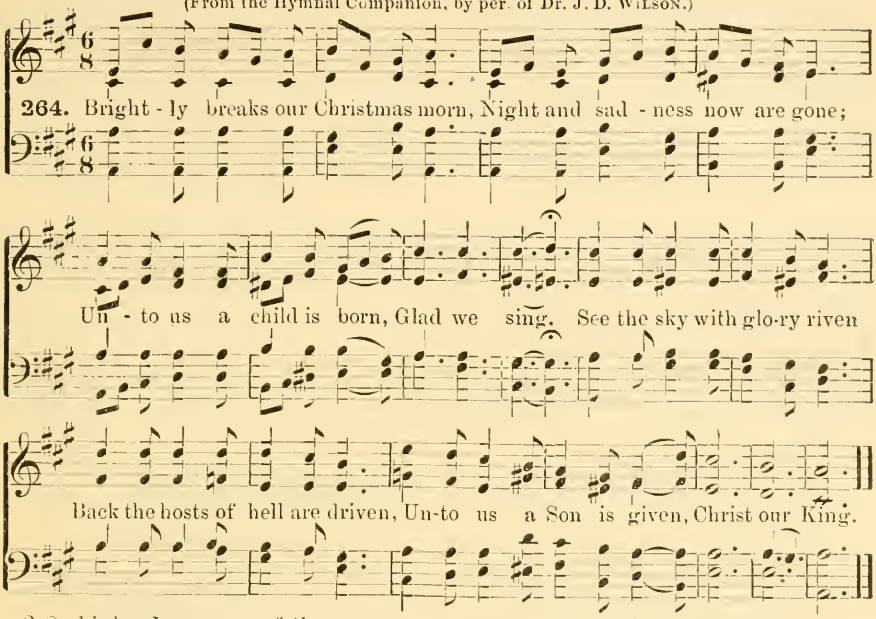
2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
This far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love

ROBERTSHAW. 7, 7, 7, & 3. D. F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

(From the Hymnal Companion, by per. of Dr. J. D. WILSON.)



2 On his head no crown of thorn,
On his face no sorrow worn;
Not yet his sacred body torn,
Comes the Lord;
Cherubs pause ye in your flight,
Fold your wings ye seraphs bright,
God descends from heaven's height,
Th' Incarnate Word.

3 Lift thy voice O ransomed earth,
Gladly tell of Jesus' birth;
Morning stars repeat your mirth,
As of old;
He by whom our race is freed,
He whose merits man may plead,
He is come the promised seed,
Long foretold.

4 Zion long in bondage lying,
Captive and for rescue crying,
Cease thy tears, withhold thy sighing,
Break thy chains;
From thy walls the foe is hurled,
Be thy banners wide unfurled,
Tell it to an eager world,
Jesus reigns.

265

1 HARK, from yonder mount arise
Notes of sadness, Jesus dies;
Pardon gently men, he cries,
Love Divine;
On the cross the Lord of lords,
Love for guilty man records
Hear your dying Savior's words,
Sin resign.

2 Sinner, for your guilt I die,
Guilt that dared your God defy;
Through my death forgiveness nigh
I have brought,
Life for you I freely give,
Death I taste that you may live,
Free Salvation now receive
Dearly bought.

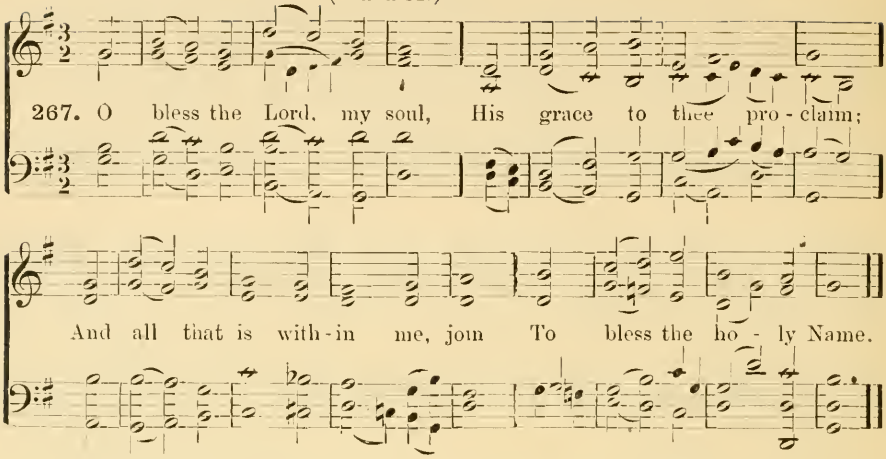
Arr. by J. W. WILSON.

266

1 When our heads are crowned with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Savior hear;
When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When our heart-strings shrink with fear,
Savior hear.

2 Thou our feeble flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Savior hear;
Thou the shame and grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Savior hear. Arr. by J. W. WILSON.

HANDEL. S. M. (Psalm 82.)



2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me join
To bless his holy Name.

268

1 From lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry:
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

4 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows; [whence
The plenteous source and spring from
Eternal succor flows.

269

1 My soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

270

1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its pray;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

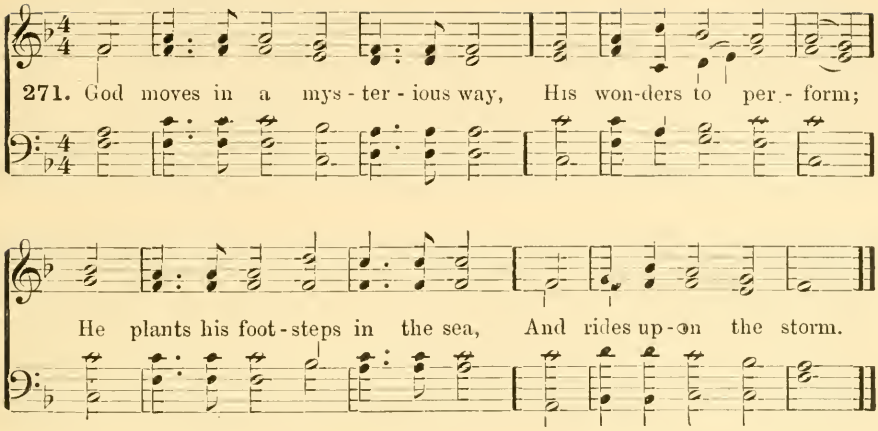
2 The Lord is risen indeed:
He lives to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed:
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

ARLINGTON. C. M. T. A. ARNE.



2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

272

1 How beautiful on the hills
The crimson light is shed;
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

2 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast:
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

273

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer—
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints.
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there:
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

274

1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

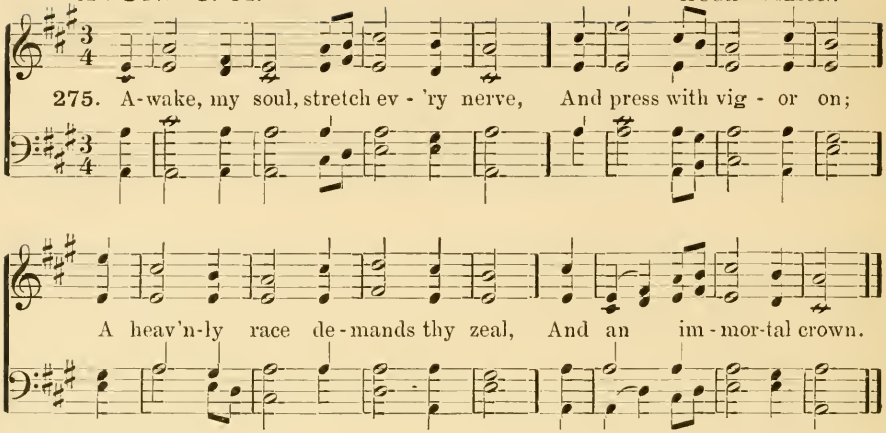
2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The joyous hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Aloud with anthems ring:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

276

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs,
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears,
Religion points on high;
From whence our Lord with life appears,
And joys that never die.

277

1 O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

278

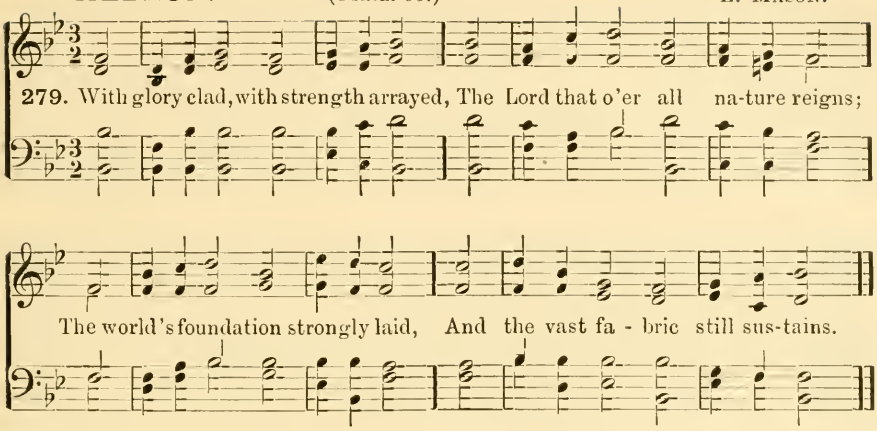
1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HEBRON. L. M. (Psalm 93.) L. MASON.



1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

280

1 OH, that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart!

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4 This moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Master bear;
With thee ascend to Calvary's top,
And bow my head and suffer there.

5 I would; but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

281

1 MY God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

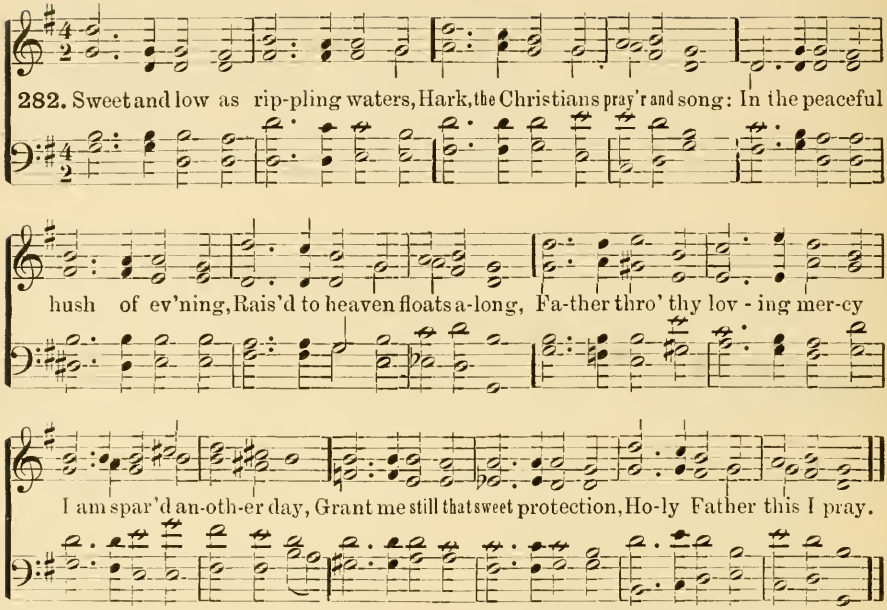
3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

MOULTRIE. 8s & 7s. D. G. Cobb.



2 Every joy the day hath brought me,
All in all to thee I owe;
I am humble and unworthy
Of the gifts thou dost bestow;
Jesus, Father, hear my thankful prayer,
It is all I have for thee,
Simple offering for the kindness,
Thou so freely poured on me.

3 Keep and guard me while I slumber,
If it be thy loving will,
So to-morrow, if I waken,
It shall be to praise thee still,
Jesus, Father, so control me ever,
That my days are spent for thee,
When from death I shall awaken,
I a child thine own shall be.

Arr. by J. L. W.

283

1 Must I go, and empty handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet;
Not one day of service give him,
Lay no trophy at his feet?
Not at death I shrink, nor falter,
For my Savior saves me now;
Not one day of service give him,
Thought of that o'er-clouds my brow.

2 Oh, the years of service wasted!
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Savior,
To his will I'd gladly bow;
Oh, ye saints, arouse, be earnest!
Up, and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the day of God o'er-takes thee,
Strive for souls while still ye may.

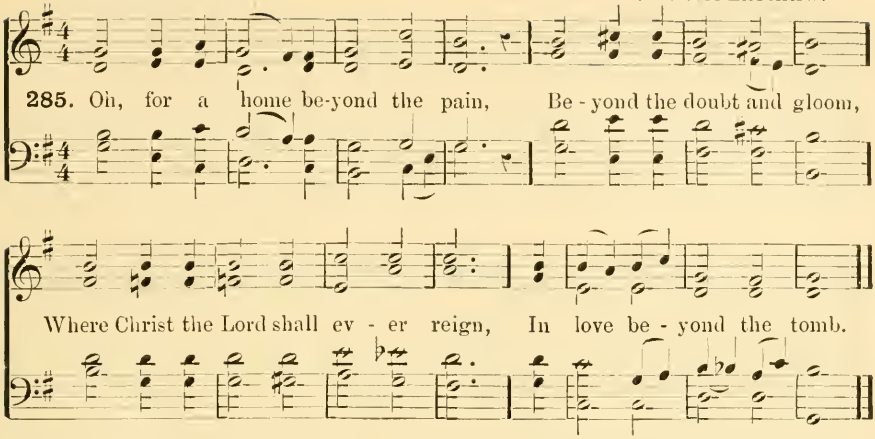
284

1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim;
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Savior,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Savior! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad;
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Savior hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round the throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

REED. C. M. F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



2 The years go by like waters swift,
On flowing to the sea;
But here and there the clouds are rift,
With light and hope for thee.

3 The crown shines brightly in the hand
Of him, our coming King;
Hold to the cross! ye pilgrim band,
And of his glories sing.

4 The night will cease, the morn shall come
And pain shall be no more;
Behold our Lord upon his throne,
As King forevermore. H. V. REED.

286

1 THE prophets tell of Canaan's land,
When reign of sin is o'er;
No storms shall sweep across that strand,
And death shall come no more.

2 Oh, rapt'rous scene! no night is there,
What sights shall greet our eyes;
We long to breathe its balmy air,
Beneath its soft blue skies.

3 Oh, joyful day when cloud and gloom
No more shall veil the light; [bloom
Oh, gladsome land where naught but
Shall meet our wondering sight.

4 O Lord, we lift our hearts to thee,
We pray "Thy kingdom come;"
We're pilgrims now and long to be
Eternally at home.

J. L. WINCE.

287

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
Still in God's ways delight,
And grace and peace shall be with you,
Good night, good night, good night.

2 Though part we oft as here we come,
Still may it joy excite;
We haste to one eternal home,
Good night, good night, good night.

3 Now foes are numerous and strong,
And would our souls affright;
But God is our defence and song,
Good night, good night, good night.

4 Press onward to your journey's end,
Turn not to left or right;
We have a never failing friend,
Good night, good night, good night.

5 And when we meet the Lord above,
And faith's exchanged for sight;
We'll sing of his redeeming love,
But never say good night.

288

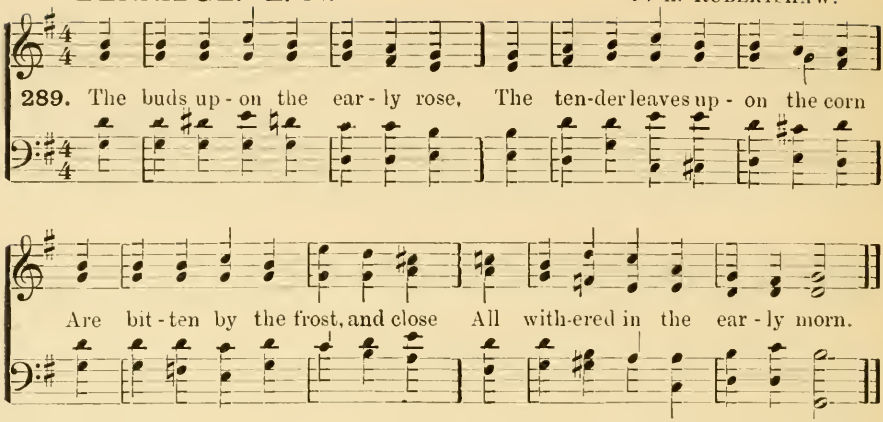
1 MY song shall always be of him
Who gave himself for me;
Who died a sinner to redeem,
And bled upon the tree.

2 I never can his love forget,
Who suffered for my good;
His wounded head, hands, side, and feet,
Poured forth the sacred flood.

3 Like him, on earth, I wish to be,
That when he doth appear,
I may rejoice his face to see,
And his blest voice to hear.

4 For time to come I would fulfill
The wishes of my Lord:
Obey his precepts, do his will,
And magnify his word.

BERRIDGE. L. M. F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



2 The birds which come in early spring,
And build their nests on branches bare,
In hope of coming summer sing,
While glist'ning frosts yet chill the air.

3 The angels came in early dawn,
While yet 'twas dark in Jesus' tomb;
When Christian faith and hope were gone,
Were buried in the doubt and gloom.

4 He is not here, the angel cried,
Behold he's risen from the dead,
He's now alive, the crucified,
The King of Life! our Living Head.

H. V. REED.

290

1 THE hope that we shall reign with him,
Who is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Inspires the heart to bear the pain,
And bravely meet the world's rude strife.

2 We know the end will come at last,
We know that sorrows all shall cease,
And when the storms are over past,
We'll reign with him in perfect peace.

3 The ancient bards foretold his reign,
'Twas sung in Judah's sweetest psalm,
All nations shall revere his name,
And saints shall join the crown and palm.

4 A city shines beyond the night,
Beyond the curse of sin and tears;
With Christ the Lamb its holy light,
We'll ever reign through endless years.

H. V. REED.

291

1 WEARY and worn with trials sore,
We come by faith and hope to thee,
'Tis thy command, we doubt no more,
"Take up thy cross and follow me."

2 At times the night seems dark and drear,
Alone we walk life's desert way;
Thy promised rest our hearts doth cheer,
Assurance blest of coming day.

3 Our weakness only makes us strong,
But strength comes only from our Lord,
His love, our shield, protects from wrong,
Supported by his gracious word.

4 With patience, then, we'll bear the cross,
Await his blessings coming down;
Earth's fires will burn away the dross,
Beyond the cross, we'll gain the crown.

H. V. REED.

292

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee I will direct my prayer;
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

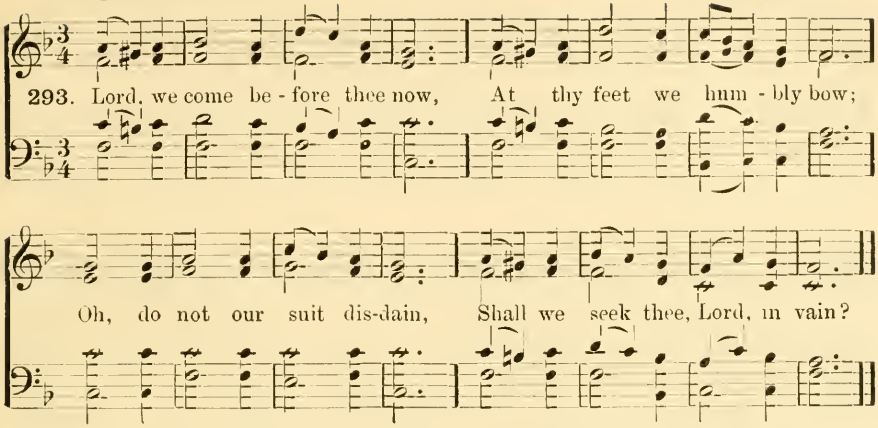
3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there:
I will frequent thy holy court
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness:
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

WATTS.

ESHTEMOA. 7s. T. B. MASON.



2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

W. HAMMOND.

294

1 IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Savior, comfort, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Savior comfort, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Savior, comfort, comfort me!

4 Comfort me, I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Savior, comfort, comfort me!

295

1 NOT with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread:
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Savior's wine and bread.

2 'Tis his memory we record,
'Tis his virtues we proclaim;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.

3 See him on the dreadful day
Of his mortal agony,
Break the bread, and hear him say,
"Eat of this, and think of me!"

4 See him standing on the brink
Of the tomb, and hark! he cries,
"Drink the wine, and as you drink,
Oh, remember him who dies!"

5 Yes! we will remember thee,
Friend and Savior! and thy feast,
Of all services shall be,
Holiest and welcomest.

296

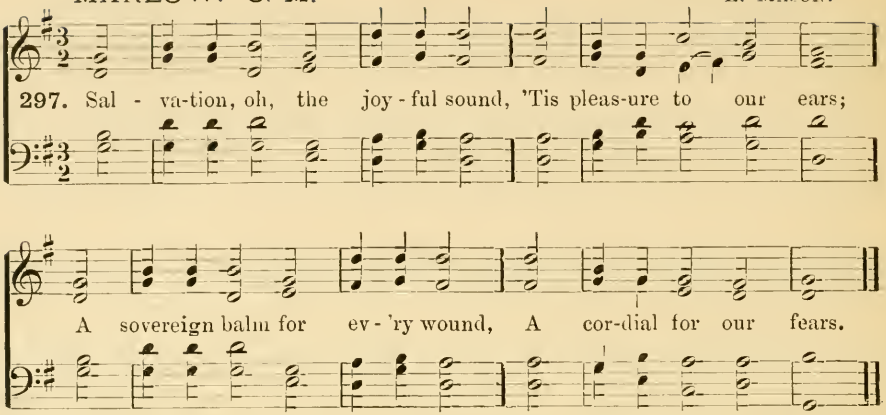
1 THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

ANON.

MARLOW. C. M. L. MASON.



2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

298

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus my Lord!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

WATTS.

299

1 ALL nature dies and lives again:
The flowers, that paint the field,
The trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.—

2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.

3 So to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the final morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

4 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest!
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

300

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb!
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

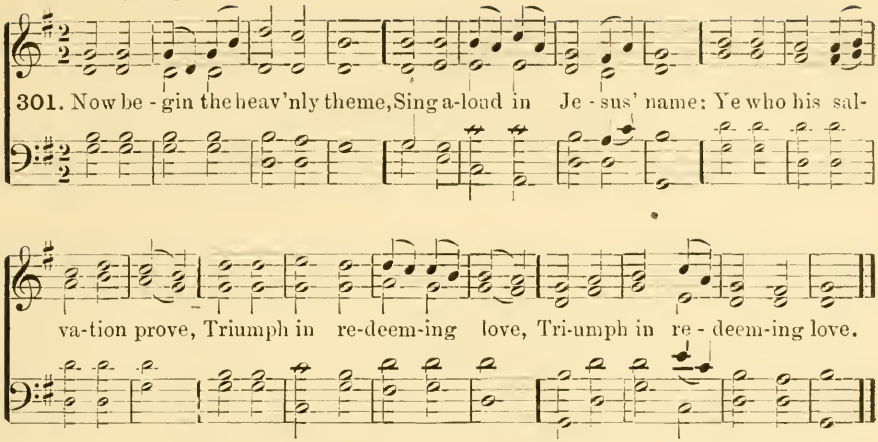
2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

5 When that illustrious day shall come,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory, gathered home,
The glory shall be thine.

HENDON. 7s.



2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to glory on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love!

4 Hither, then, your praises bring,
And of Jesus gladly sing:
Gladly join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

302

1 Let us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

303

1 Wake the song of Jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ of lords and kings is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forevermore!

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

304

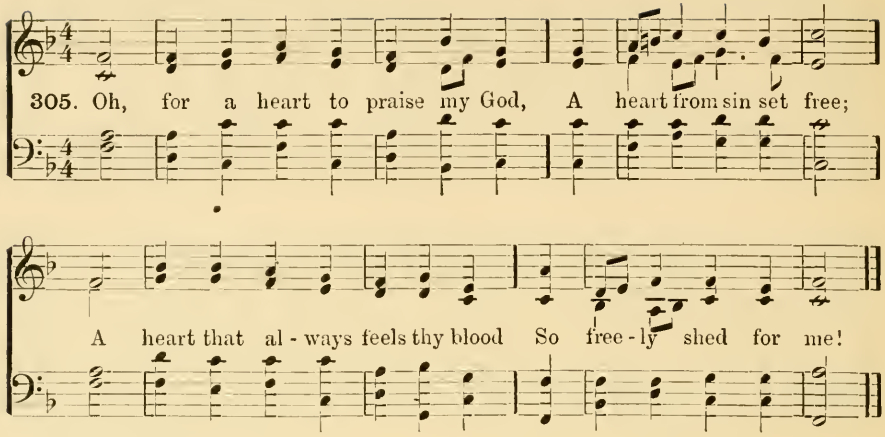
1 Songs of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Montgomery.

FARRANT. C. M. FARRANT.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

306

1 Blest be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave to man a lively hope
Of immortality.

3 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

307

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

Doane.

308

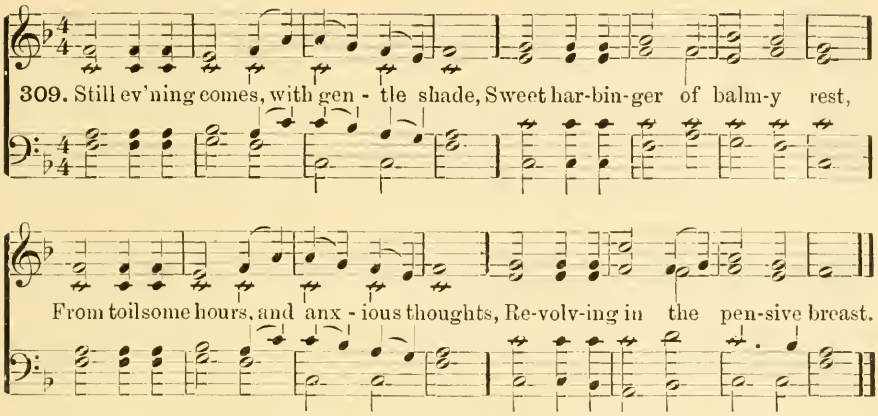
1 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
Where heaven displays its boundless love
And power with mercy blends.

3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spreads abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.

4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare,
Nor think the mighty theme too vast,—
For God is everywhere.

ILLA. L. M. Anon.



2 Refulgent day in darkness sets:
The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep;
Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease;
The scene obscured inspires my eye,
And darkness marks the loved retreat
Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
And undisturbed by human voice,
Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
And bids my soul in God rejoice.

310

1 'Twas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On all the pages of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hopes secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

311

1 The morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those he called his own
Betrayed, forsaken or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murd'rers he remains.

4 But hark! he prays,—'tis for his foes;
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends:
Answers,—and Paradise bestows:
He bows his head,—the conflict ends.

5 Truly, this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod:
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

312

1 O thou of all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

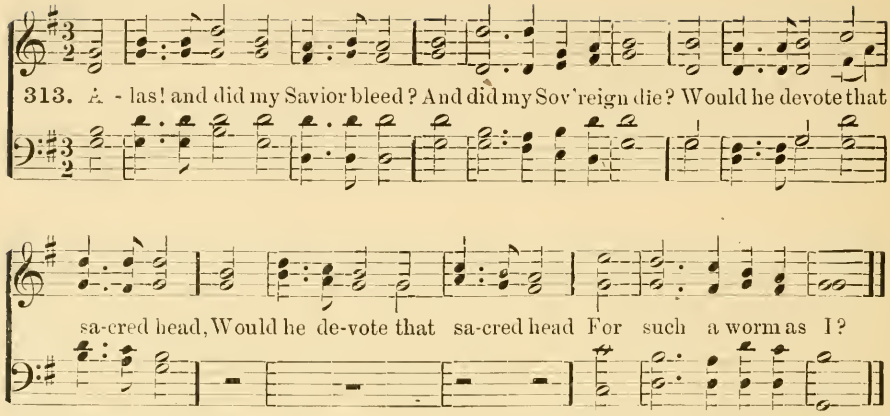
2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:
With steps unwav'ring undismayed,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:
But ah! how soon it dies away!

5 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord: stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

WOODLAND. C. M.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, my loving Savior, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. I. WATTS.

314

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints shall ever reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees of life do grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

315

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

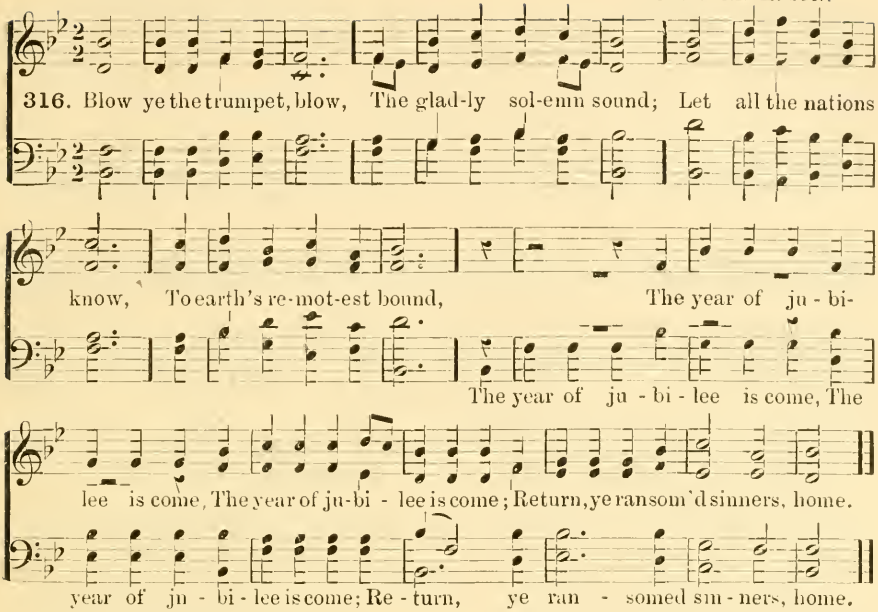
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
CHA LES WESLEY.

LENOX. H. M. JONATHAN EDSON.



2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

317

1 INDULGENT God, how kind
Are all thy ways to me,
Whose dark, benighted mind
Was enmity with thee;
Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace,
My spirit longs for thine embrace.

2 How precious are thy thoughts,
That o'er my bosom roll,
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul;
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

3 A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood:
The streams of love I trace
Up to the fountain, God:
And in his sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

JOHN KENT.

318

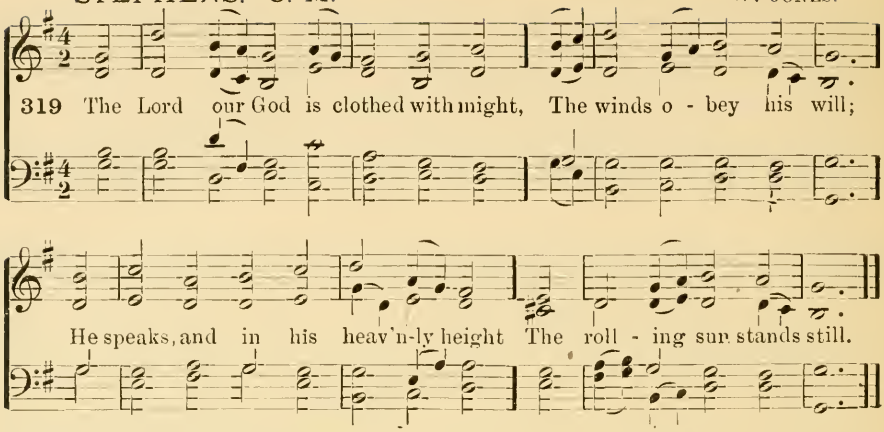
1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest,
From low desires and fleeting toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend.
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

HAYWARD.

STEPHENS. C. M. W. JONES.



2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine:
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend,
Ye nations, wait his nod:
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

320

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Savior, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them hope divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

ANNE STEELE.

321

1 How glorious Zion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne he hath established there,
There fixed his loved abode.

2 Its walls, defended by his strength,
No power shall e'er o'erthrow;
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against the assailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling:
Enter, ye nations who obey
The statutes of the King.

4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
Ye, who have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in his grace.

322

1 How sweet and pleasant is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

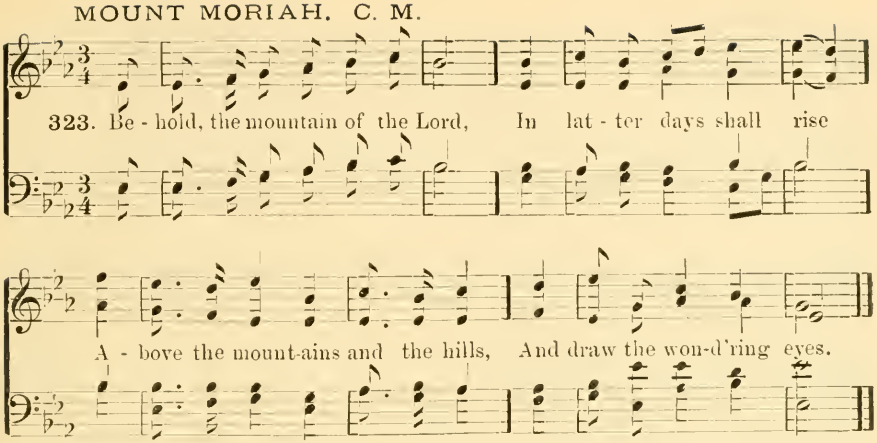
2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,—
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

WATTS.

MOUNT MORIAH. C. M.



2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those peaceful years:
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer host encountering host
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

324

1 Lord of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Whose motions speak thy skill:
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy glory still.

3 And while these radiant globes of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll.

4 Oh, shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?

5 Yes, this shall be our best employ
Through life's uncertain days:
Till in the realms of boundless joy
We join in loftier praise.

325

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day:
Joy thro' the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

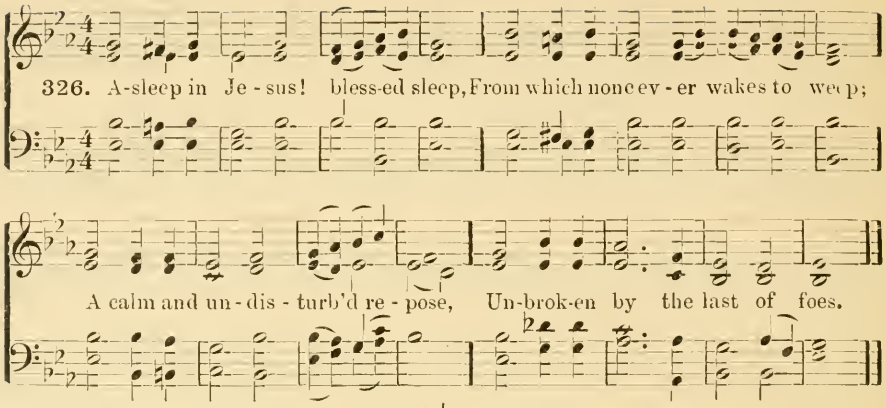
4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

Watts.

HOLLEY. L. M. GEO. HEWS.



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim the hour
That manifests the Savior's power,

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me,
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MARGARET MACKAY.

327

1 COME to me Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise
Like crystal dewdrops in the skies.

2 Come to me in the sultry noon—
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest days to night.

3 Come to me in the evening shade—
And if my heart from thee have strayed,
Oh, bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like thine evening star.

4 Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds her balmy power;
Let my lone spirit find its re-t,
Like John, upon my Savior's breast.

5 Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Savior, bid me come to thee,
That where thou art thy child may be.

328

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is pea eful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene.

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest; [power,
When faith, endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 Who would not wish to die, like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

329

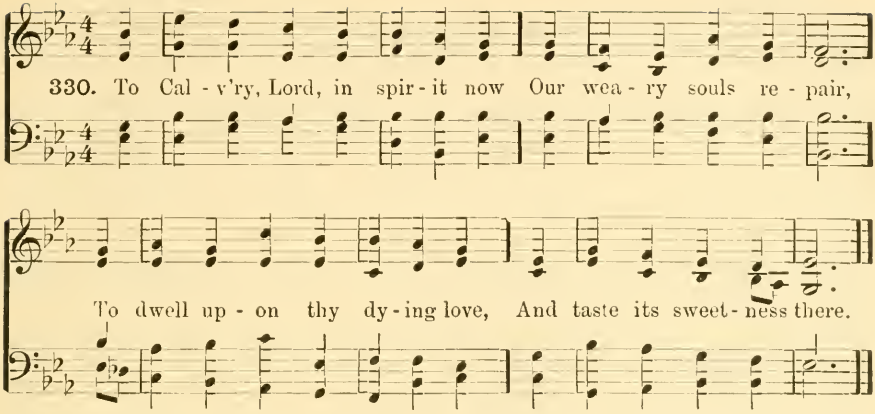
1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour comtempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it Lord! that I should boast:
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord;
O let the things which charm me most
Be those which magnify his word.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my zeal, my life, my all!

ST. PETER. C. M. REINAGLE.



2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep, mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.

3 Dear, suffering Lamb! thy bleeding wounds,
With chords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And linked our life with thine.

4 Why linger, then? Come, Savior, come,
Responsive to our call!
Come, claim thine ancient pow'r, and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

331

1 BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which blinds the nations now.

2 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie,—
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

3 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

332

1 THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill:
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home;
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But oh, my Jesus, come!

CHARLES WESLEY.

333

1 THRO' sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

H. K. WHITE.

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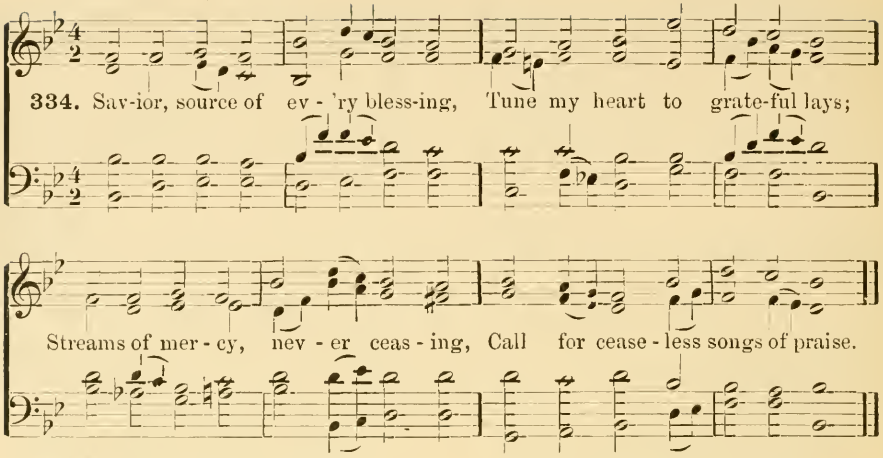


2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by angel throngs above:
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou did'st seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Did'st redeem me, with thy blood.

4 By thy hand, restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

ROBINSON.

335

1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Keep us in the narrow way:
May thy Spirit ever guide us:
May our footsteps never stray.

2 We are weak dependent children,
Lead us by a Father's hand:
We are prone to wander from thee:
Pilgrims to fair Canaan's land.

3 'Tis not riches, fame nor power,
All with time must pass away;
But true wisdom we implore thee,
With thy grace from day to day.

4 We are weak dependent children,
All our help must come from thee;
Thou art able, thou art willing,
We will put our trust in thee.

MRS. I. G. ROBERTS.

336

1 TARRY with me, O my Savior,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me thro' the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Savior!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest!

CAROLINE S. SMITH.

337

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

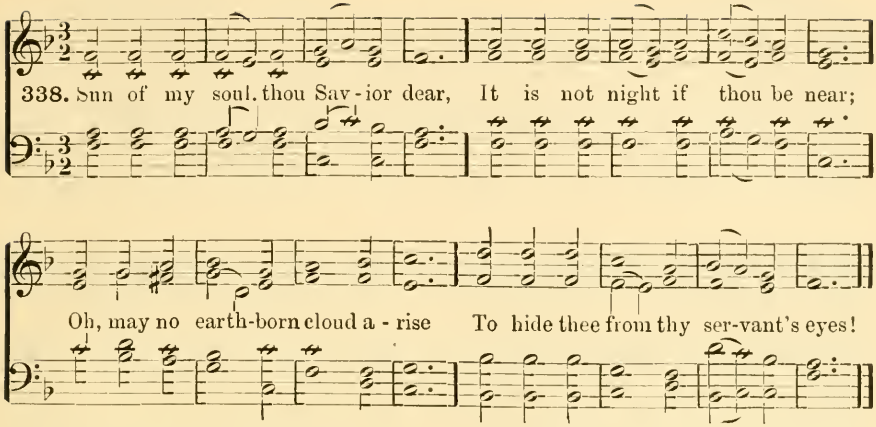
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

HASTINGS.

HURSLEY. L. M. F. J. HAYDN.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

JOHN KEBLE.

339

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command:
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

340

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When death o'er man shall reign no more.

3 But man, weak man is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away, our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care and piety
Fit us to live and reign with thee.

341

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

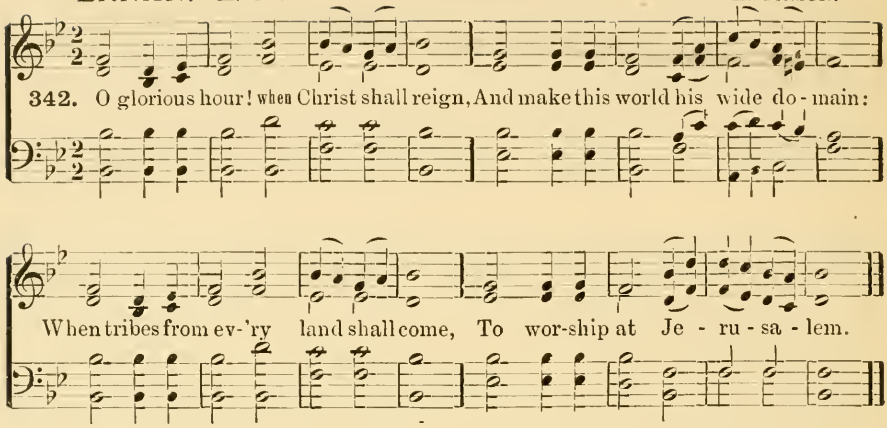
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

ERNAN. L. M. L. MASON.



2 Before him righteousness shall spread,
War then shall hide its loathsome head;
Swords to the plough shall then give aid,
And spears to pruning-hooks be made,

3 Love, joy, and peace he will maintain:
Of superstition break the chain;
"Be free," proclaim to every shore,
And bid oppression be no more.

4 O happy day! 'tis nigh at hand,
When Israel shall regain their land;
When paradise shall be restored,
And Christ the King shall be adored.

5 His kingdom then no end shall know,
Before him shall all nations bow;
E'en sceptics then shall own his might:
And be astonished at the sight.

343

1 GREAT God! in vain does erring man
Attempt thine attributes to scan;
Our feeble powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

3 Oh! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of Providence and Grace;
Explore thy sacred Name, and still
Press on to know, and do thy will!

344

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord:
In every star thy wisdom shines:
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 In rolling sun, and changing light,
In night and day thy power we trace;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

ISAAC WATTS.

345

1 JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life! thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood:
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all!

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay:
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

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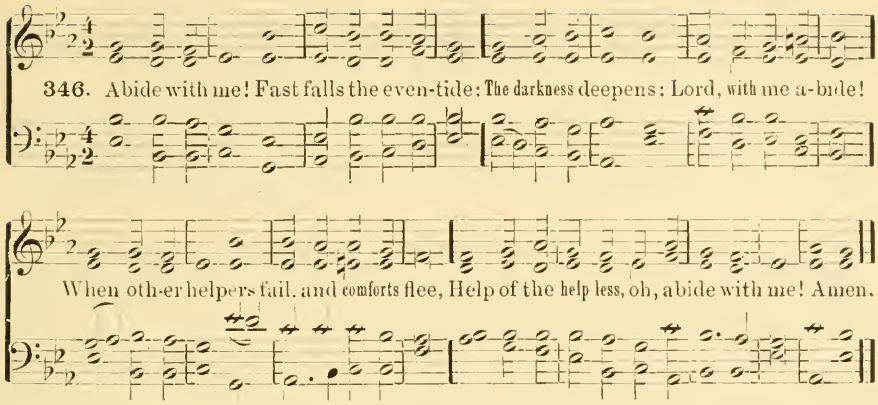


2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

4 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

5 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and help me thus to rise;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
HENRY F. LYTE.

347

1 LORD of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy [hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn;
Then happy nations in a day be born:
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.
DWIGHT.

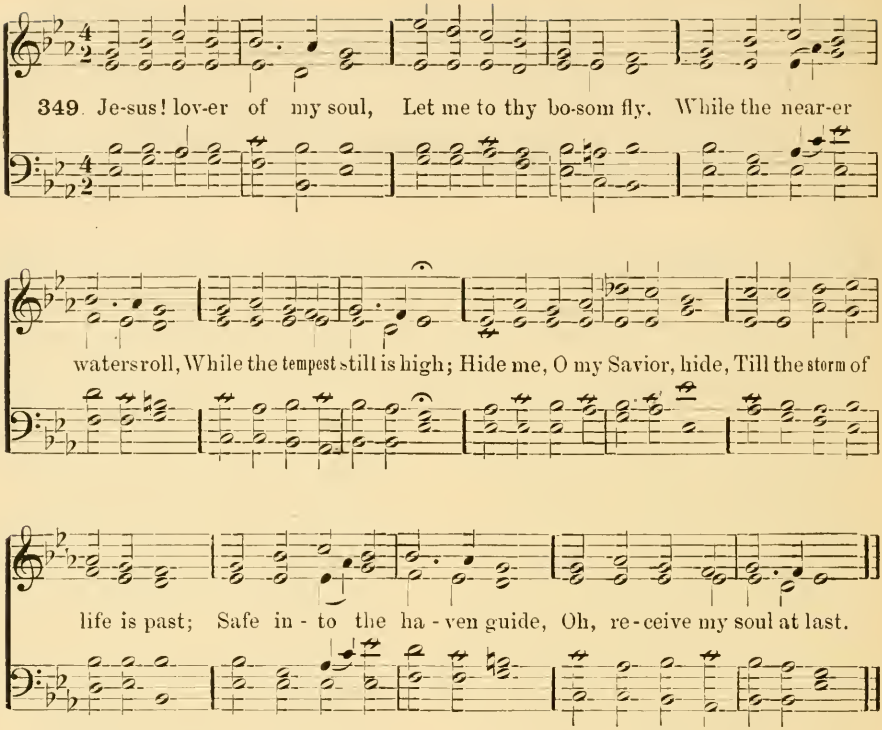
348

1 Our father, thy life's eventide is here,
Thy failing sight proclaims night's darkness near;
Right nobly thou hast kept our precious [faith,
Naught hast thou to fear from approaching death.

2 Thy silvery locks a crown of glory are,
Fair as the light of heaven's brightest star:
Emblem of thy pure life's holy purpose,
And the crowns which God will give the righteous.

3 When death's shadow falls with its darkness deep
God will be with thee through thy dreamless sleep;
When that glad morn shall break over hill and plain,
Thou shalt awake with thy loved ones to reign.

HOLLINGSIDE. J. B. DYKES.



2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone:
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed:
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

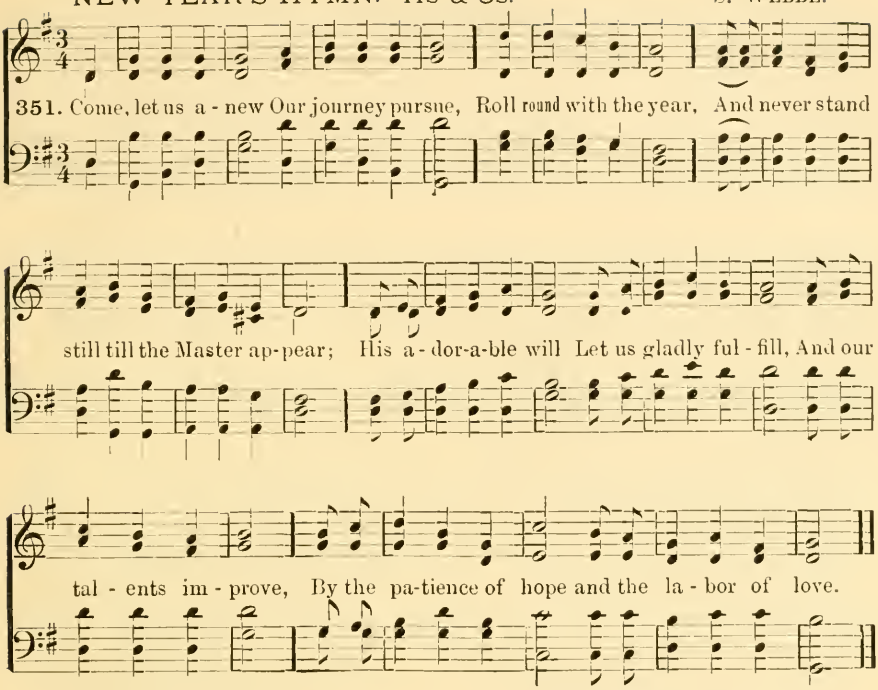
350

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One who loves us to the end;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell in woe:
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Savior calls, come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares:
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be:
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Savior calls, come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these!
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Savior calls, come home.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 11s & 5s. S. WEBBE.



2 Our life is a dream:
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh, that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through:
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do:"
Oh, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

CHARLES WESLEY.

352

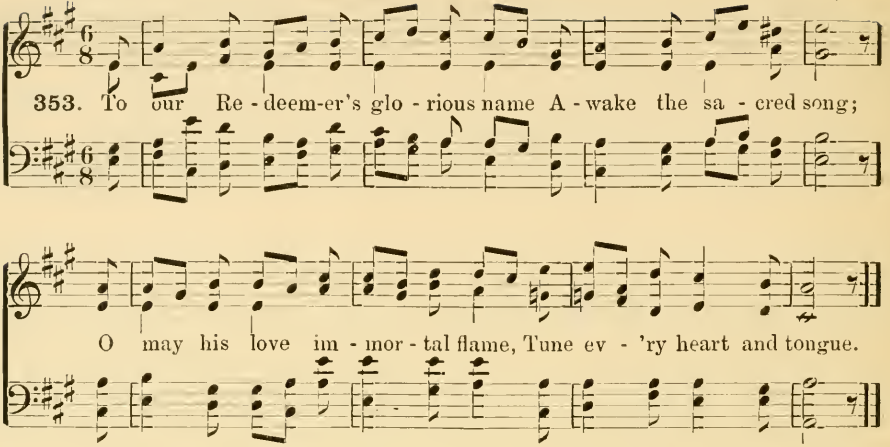
1 ALL praise to the Lord,
Who rules with a word
The untractable sea,
And limits its rage by his steadfast decree:
Whose providence binds
Or releases the winds,
And compels them again,
At his beck, to put on the invisible chain.

2 E'en now he hath heard
Our cry, and appeared
On the face of the deep,
And commanded the temptest its distance to keep:
His piloting hand
Hath brought us to land,
And, no longer distressed,
We are joyful again in the haven to rest.

3 O that all men would raise
His tribute of praise,
His goodness declare,
And thankfully sing of his fatherly care:
With rapture approve
His dealings of love,
And the wonders proclaim
Performed by the virtue of Jesus' Name.

C. WESLEY.

HARBOROUGH. C. M. HANDEL.



2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display:
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee:
May every heart with rapture say,
The Savior died for me.

4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

354

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Deliverance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 Oh, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

355

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!—

2 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine!
Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

356

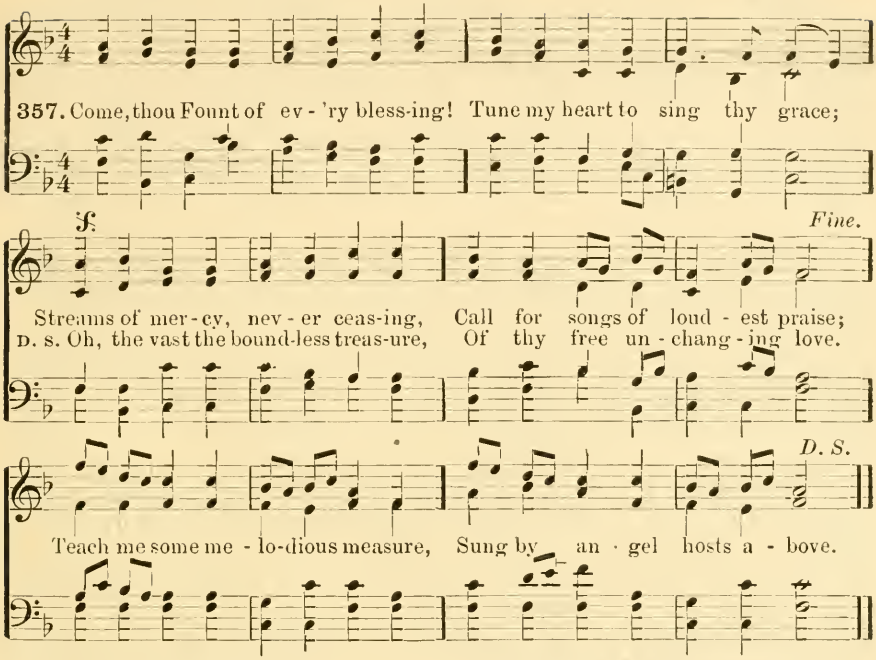
1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

4 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

ITALIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s. D. MOZART.



2 Here I raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by thy help I'm come·
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, now like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it:
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it:
Seal it from thy courts above.

358

1 THERE's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty:
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good:
There is mercy with the Savior,
There is healing in his blood.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind:
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind:
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word:
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

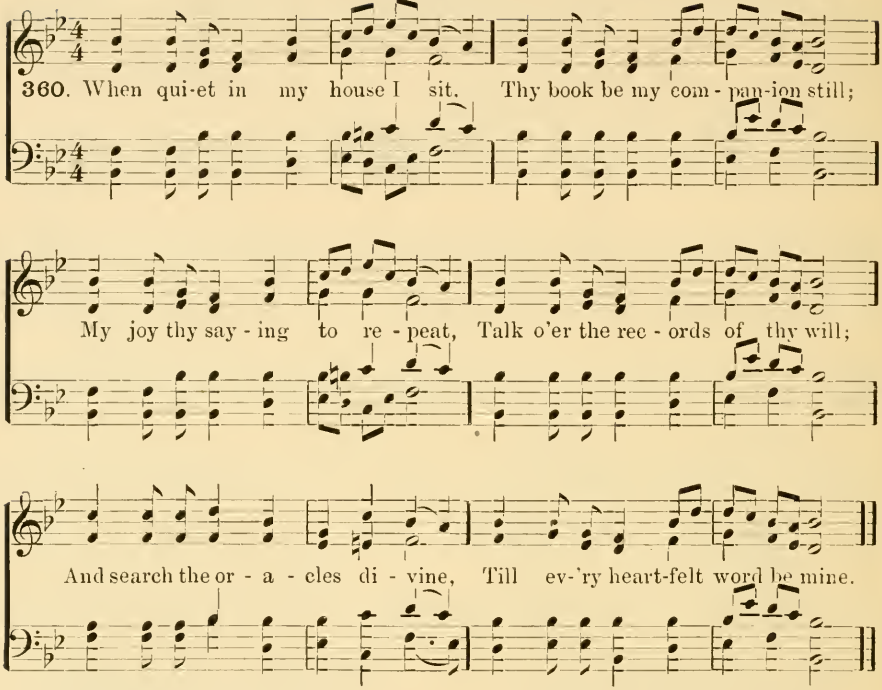
359

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,—
Who will go and work today?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,—
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door:
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be:
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

QUIET HOURS. 8s. 6 lines. Arr. by F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his foll'wer join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
'Mid visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Savior's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious words of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

C. WESLEY.

361

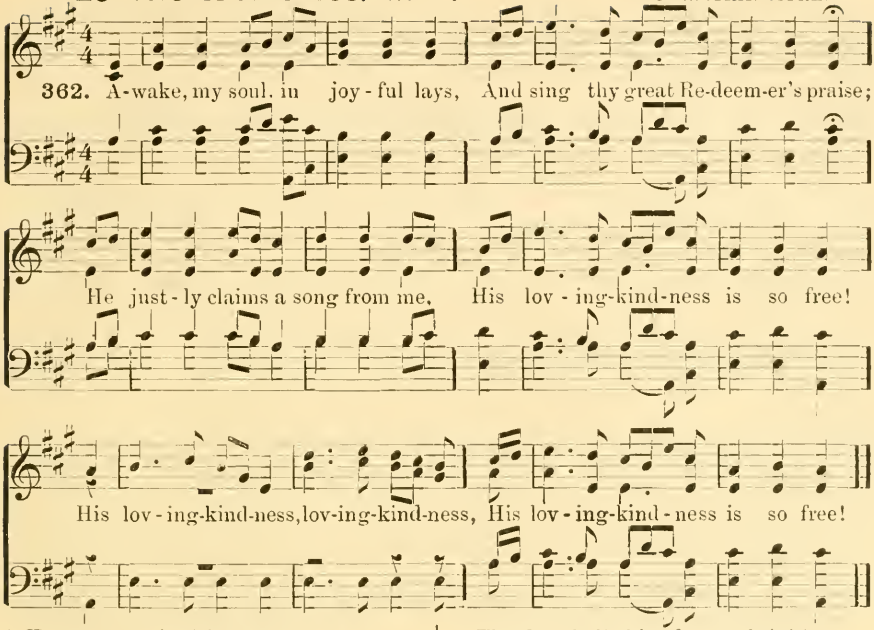
1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, dear to me,
Beautiful every thing I see,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful home, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet:
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ the King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Savior see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. CHRISTIAN LYRE.



2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

363

1 RISE! crowned with light, great Salem,
Exalt thy head, lift up thine eyes; [rise!
See a long train thy courts adorn,
Of sons and daughters newly born.

2 See nations at thy gate attend,
And lowly in thy temple bend;
Behold them flowing to thy land,
Eager within thy gates to stand.

3 See heaven its portals wide display,
And pour on thee a flood of day;
Thy day shall shine forever bright,
For God himself shall be thy light.

4 Though Gentile thrones in smoke decay,
Their boasted glories melt away;
Firm as a rock thy power remains,
For thy great King, Messiah, reigns.

364

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

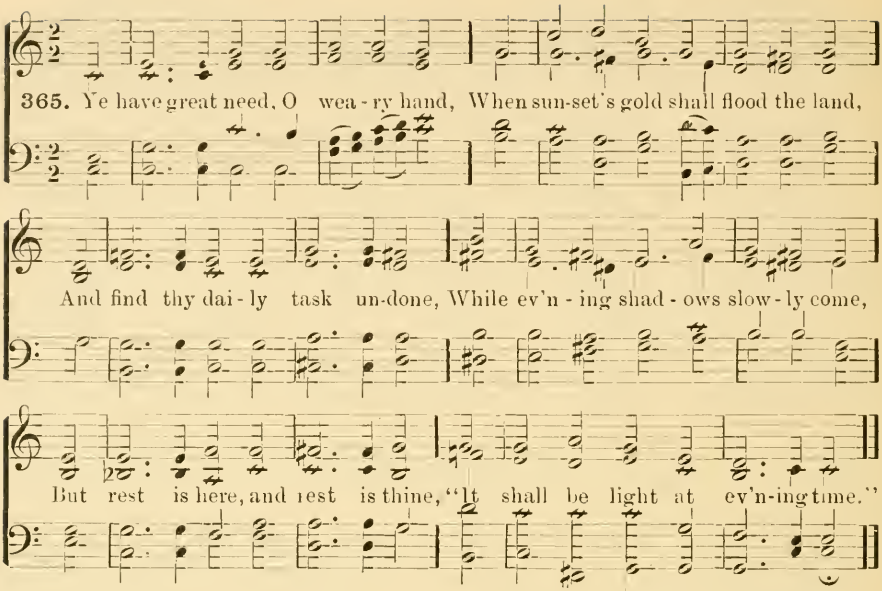
2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

MELITA. 8s. 6 lines. J. B. DYKES.



2 Ye have great need, O watchful eye,
So often raised to One on high,
Watching for light to rift the cloud,
While earth is wrapt in night's dark shroud;
Though tears may fall like ceaseless rain
Thine eye shall brighten soon again.

3 Ye have great need, O weary feet,
Whose restless fevered pulses beat,
O'er thorny path and rocky height,
In noontide's heat, or starless night;
But on the crystal river's shore
Is peace and rest forevermore.

4 Ye have great need, O weary heart,
Whose quiv'ring cords would gladly part,
If but the burning cross be riven,
Beneath the loving hand of heaven,—
To-day forget the cruel strife,
And crown with patience all your life.

5 "Rest in the Lord, and wait for him,"
Though days be dark and hope be dim;
Through martyr-fires with naked feet,
Be loyal still, while heart shall beat,
For hope and promise both are thine,
"It shall be light at evening time."

Mrs. H. V. R.

366

1 WHAT have I done for thee, O Christ,
That thou should'st do so much for me;
In all these years of wasted life,
Of pleasures full, of sweet joys rife?
Oh, thou didst give them all to me!
What have I done, O Christ, for thee?

2 What have I done for thee, O Christ,
That thou should'st die on Calvary?
I've wasted all these precious years;
Trampled thy blood, and scorn'd thy tears,
Slighted thy pleading calls to me,
This have I done, O Christ, for thee.

3 What have I done, O Christ, for thee,
That thou shouldst plead in heav'n for me;
Oh, when I think of all thy love,
Thy prayers on earth, thy prayers above,
My soul cries out in agony,
What have I done, O Christ, for thee?

Mrs. LUE M. HOFFMAN.

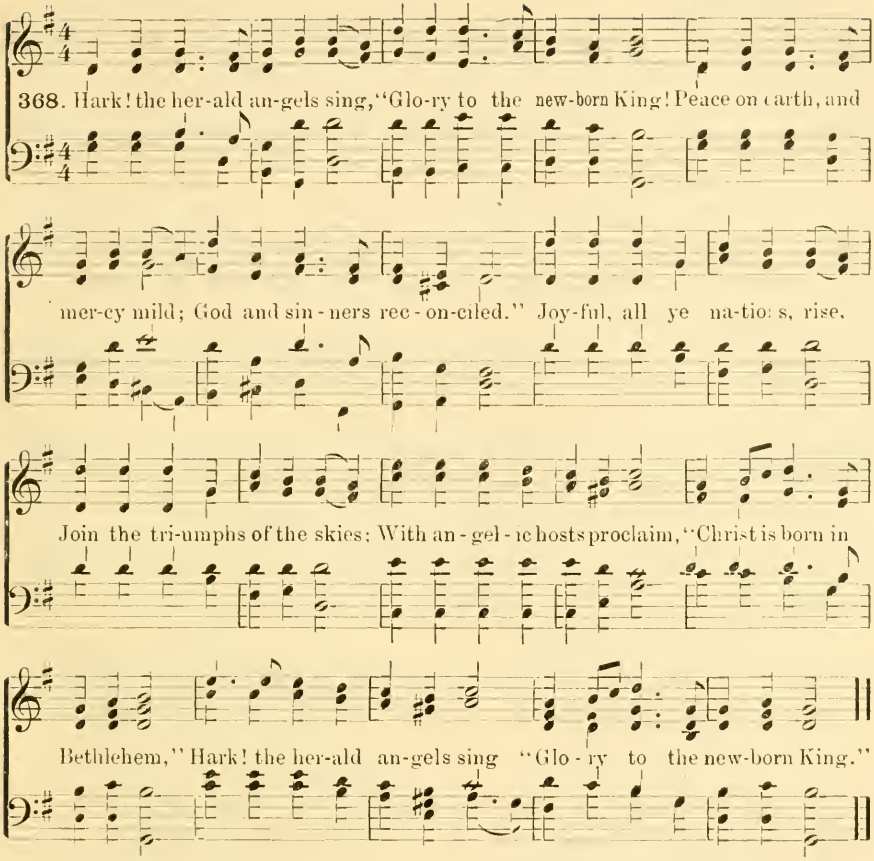
367

1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep,
Its own appointed limits keep,
O hear us when we cry to thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hush'd their raging at thy word;
Who walketh on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep,
O hear us when we cry to thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who did'st brood,
Upon the chaos dark and rude;
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give for wild confusion peace,
O hear us when we cry to thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D. MENDELSSOHN.



2 Christ by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,
Full of love for dying race,
Daring death itself to face,
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here;
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

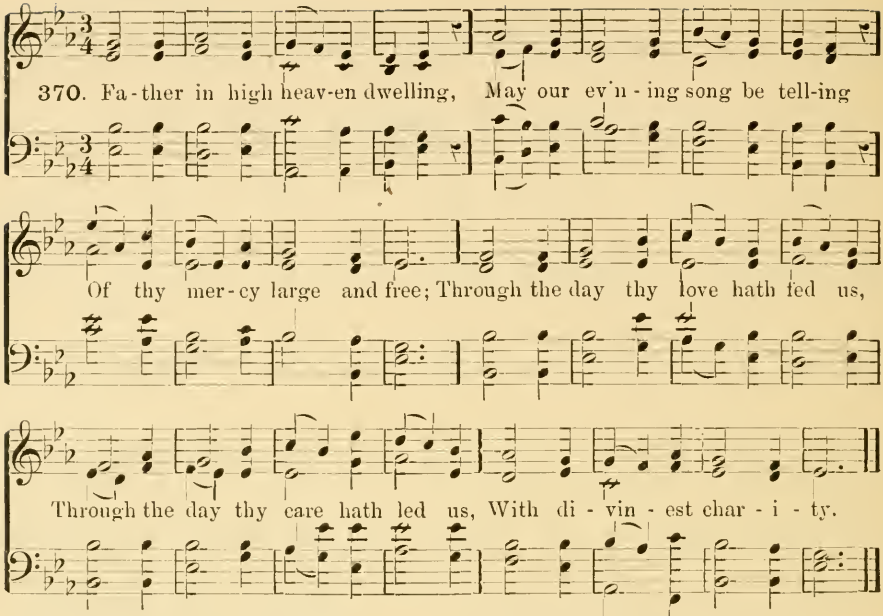
369

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled! [done!
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

JACKSON. 8s & 7s. W. JACKSON.



2 This day's sins, O pardon, Savior,
Evil thoughts, perverse behavior,
Envy, pride and vanity;
From the world the flesh deliver,
Save us now and save us ever,
O thou Lamb of Calvary.

3 From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil,
Be our shield and panoply;
Let thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

4 Whil'st the night dews are distilling,
Holy thoughts each heart be filling,
With thine own serenity;
Softly will the eyes be closing,
While on thee the soul reposing,
Ever blessed Deity.

371

1 By the cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straightened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace;
Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessed sufferer's face.

2 Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain forever broken,
Righteous peace forever made;
Brightens now the brow, once shaded,
Freshens now the face, once faded,
Peace with God now makes glad.

3 All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear;
Strength like dew is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling,
Life eternal only here.

4 Here the living water telleth,
Here the rock now smitten welleth,
With salvation freely blest;
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the city,
This the very gate of rest.

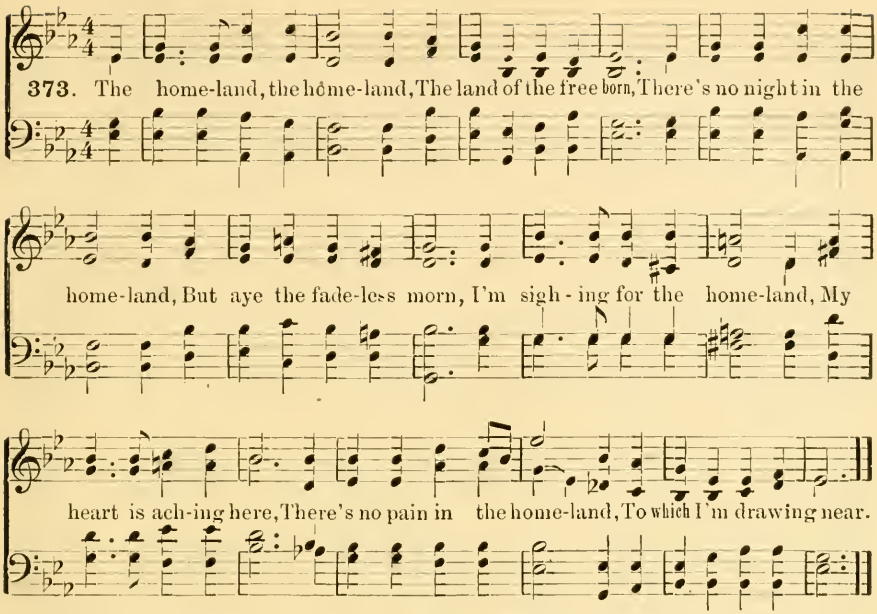
372

1 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures,
In the holy gospel shrined;
Blessed tiding of salvation,
Peace on earth, their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Lord most dear:
Christ the fountain, these the waters,
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 O that we thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and forevermore.

HOMELAND. 7s & 6s. D. A. SULLIVAN.



374

1 How long, O Lord, our Savior,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay;
O when shall come the moment
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe:
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling has forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake thy slumbering virgins;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all the saints repeat it,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

375

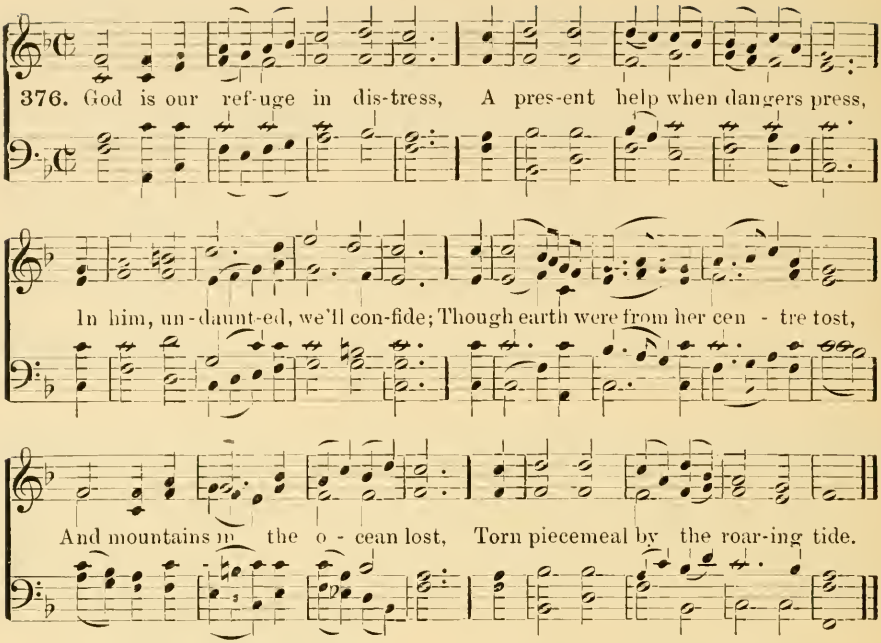
1 O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

E. BICKERSTETH.

NEWCOURT. L. M. (Psalm 46.)



2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high;
God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
Shall mock the assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess;
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

377

1 O LOVE divine! what hast thou done?
The Lamb of God hath died for me!
The Father's well-beloved Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
The Lamb of God for me hath died,
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

2 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
Believe, believe, the re ord true,
We all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon and peace flow from his side;
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

3 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing speak or think beside,
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

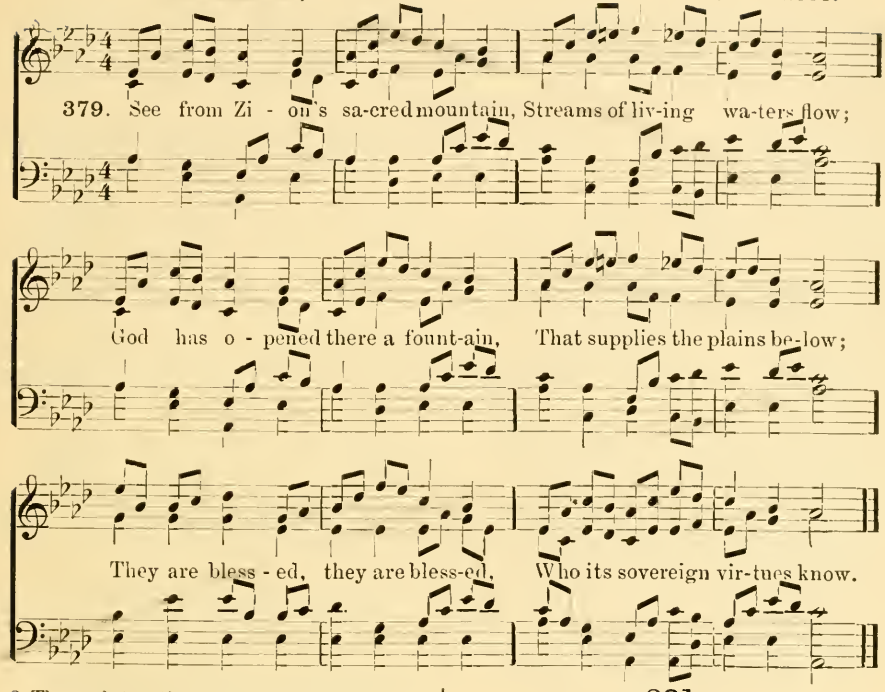
378

1 HAIL, blessed time of endless joy,
When Jesus shall forever reign;
Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
But gladness fill the happy plain!
Free from all sin, and free from fear,
We ne'er shall sigh or shed a tear.

2 Ten thousand thousands then shall raise
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain;
Awake the song of grateful praise
Unto the Lamb who once was slain;
Hosannas, loud hosannas sing,
Hosannas to th' eternal King.

3 Forever there with Jesus blest,
Shall fear no death, and feel no pain,
But there shall be in endless rest,
Where dangers ne'er shall threat again;
For Jesus reigns, and we shall share
With him his fullest glory there.

M'GREGOR. 8s, 7s & 4s. Or 8s & 7s. 6 lines. G. F. Root.



2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay;
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

380

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah?
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Gracious Savior!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

3 Then lead on, almighty Victor,
Scatter every hostile band;
Be our Guide, and our Protector,
Till on Zion's mount we stand;
Shouts of vict'ry
Then shall fill the promised land.

381

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Lo! 'tis he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

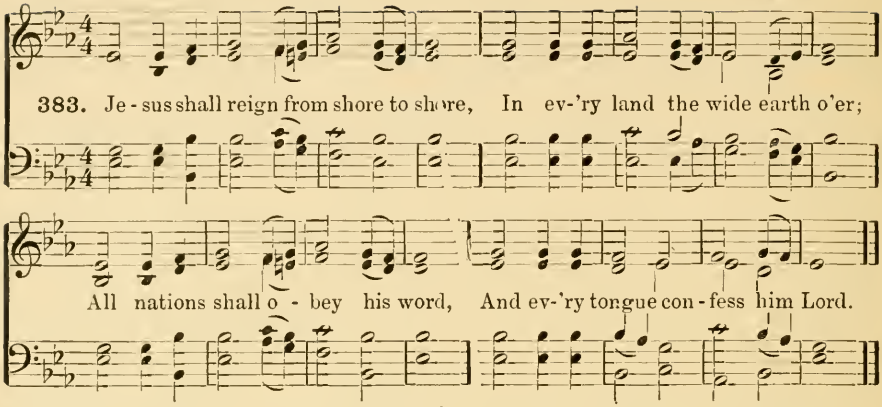
Charles Wesley.

382

1 Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound:
O refresh us,
Traveling to eternal rest.

HAMBURG. L. M. L. MASON.



2 The proud oppressor, 'neath whose might
The subject bows in humble plight,
Himself shall bow beneath the rod
Of the avenging Son of God.

3 No longer screened by unjust laws,
With none to plead their wicked cause,
The enemies of truth and right
Shall fall before the Judge's sight.

4 The poor who have in sorest need
Enslaved themselves to human greed
Will find in him a righteous friend,
A Judge who will the right defend.

5 Then equity, and truth, and right,
And mercy too from Zion's height,
With law, and love, to lands go forth,
To east and west, to north and south.

6 And at the mandate of his word,
Shall warring nations sheathe the sword,
And violence forever cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.

7 Then heathen tribes, made wise, shall bring
Themselves a loyal offering:
And kings of distant lands shall meet,
And pay their homage at his feet.

JOHN L. WINCE.

384

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

385

1 BLEST Lord, when darkness veils the skies,
Prevent the slumber of my eyes,
Till, bowed before the King of kings,
I ask myself the following things:

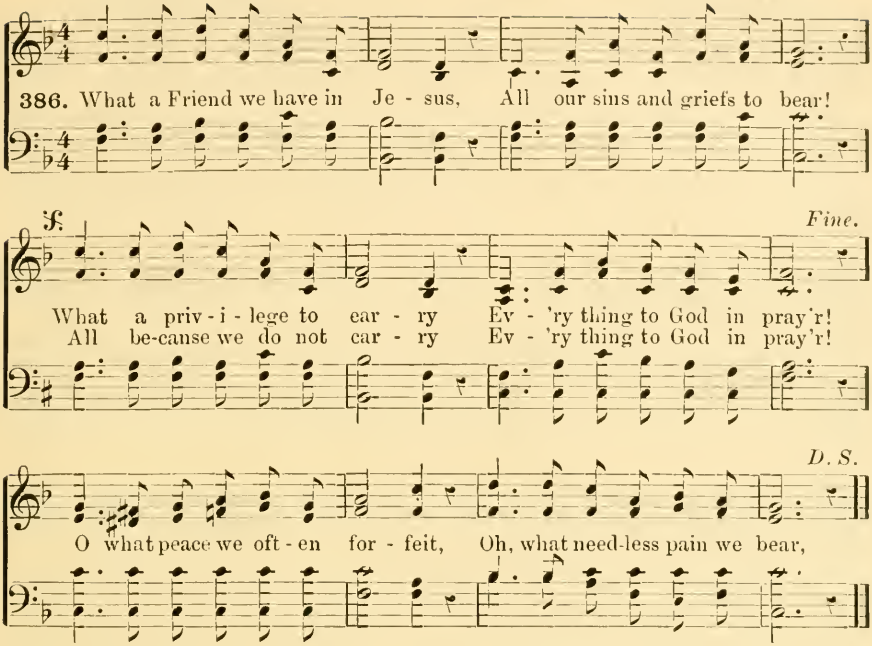
2 Where have I been—what have I done?
To what new follies have I run?
Have I observed each rising thought,
And done the things which God hath taught?

3 Do secret thoughts and actions prove
My love to God who reigns above?
Do my affections rise on high,
As days and nights successive fly?

4 Do I rejoice in that wise plan
Which governs all the affairs of man?
Gives life, and health, and joy and rest,
Or sends affliction when 'tis best?

5 And when God's holy law I hear,
Does it alarm my heart with fear?
Or does it sweetly rule within,
And make me hate and fly from sin?

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s & 7s. D. C. C. CONVERSE.



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

H. BONAR.

387

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Come, thy blessings now impart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts alone;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

3 Finish now thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted we shall be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from mortal into glory,
When with thee we take our place;
Then we'll wear our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

388

1 THE glad tidings of the kingdom,
Jesus preached in Galilee;
Bade his followers in their mission,
Tell the same to you and me;
Hope and life are in the message,
Peace, and rest, and joy, are there:
If believing, you receive it,
Run the race with patient care.

2 The glad tidings of the kingdom:
Saving word to dying men;
Still we sing the blissful message,
Christ the Lord will come again!
Still to Savior, we invite you,
Pray and plead with earnest tears,
You may that dear land inherit,
You may have the endless years!

S. ROXANA WINCE.

WHITEHEAD. P. M. F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

389 Night with e - bon pin - ions Brood-ed o'er the vale; All a-round was si - lent. Save the night wind's wail, When Christ the man of sor - rows, In tears and sweat and blood, Pros-trate in the gar - den, Raised his voice to God.

2 Smitten for offenses
Which were not his own,
He for our transgressions
Had to weep alone;
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help was there,
When the meek and lowly
Humbly bowed in prayer.

3 Abba, Father, Father,
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish
Pass from me, I pray;
Yet, if it must be suffered
By me, thy only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let thy will be done.

JAMISON.

390

1 Long the church has waited
For her absent Lord:
Through the weary ages,
Trusting in his word;
Soon Christ, the long expected,
In majesty divine,
Comes in royal splendor—
Heir of David's line.

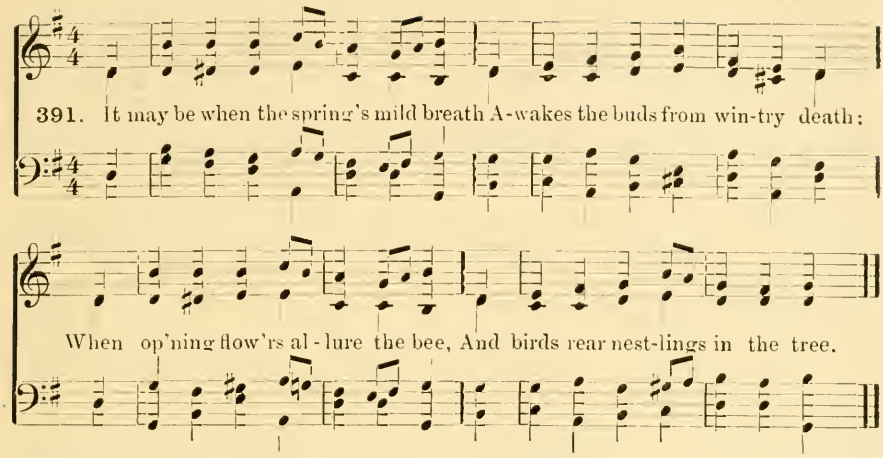
2 He is coming, coming!
Oh, the joyful sound!
Then will peace and gladness,
To the church abound;
He comes to change the living,
The sleeping ones to raise;
Give the boon immortal,
With eternal days.

3 He is coming, coming!
Not as once he came,
The lowly man of sorrow,
Put to open shame;
He comes the mighty victor,
In righteousness to reign,
Every foe he'll vanquish,
Death the last be slain!

4 Hail, the Lord's anointed!
David's greatest Son,
Throned in height of Zion,
Worthy, worthy one;
Behold the King of glory!
In grateful homage fall:
Pay the tribute, honor,
Bow before him all!

JOHN L. WINCE,

SCHUMANN. L. M. SCHUMANN.



2 It may be when the yellow grain
In golden waves moves o'er the plain;
When gladdened reapers bind the sheaves,
And summer zephyrs fan the leaves.

3 It may be when the boughs are mute,
When garnered is the Autumn fruit;
When the sweet rose of June is dead,
And birds to sunny climes have fled.

4 It may be when at dewy eve,
The son of toil his work shall leave,
To seek his pillowed rest at home;
At close of day the Lord may come!

5 It may be at the midnight hour,
When lock'd in slumber's soothing pow'r,
The trump may summon thee to meet
The Judge upon the judgment seat.

6 It may be when the dawning ray
Of rising sun first gilds the day,
Thy guardian angel thee may bear,
To meet the Savior in the air!

7 Unknown the season, hour, or day,
When Christ will bear his bride away;
Before the close of passing year,
The King of Glory may appear.

8 Oh, church of God, thy falling tears
Have "watered deserts" years and years;
Lift now thy head, for soon at home,
Thy song shall be—the Lord has come!

S. A. CHAPLIN.

392

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us the boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

393

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations and baptize;"
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon the Father's throne,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
He sends his truth, his will makes known,
To bless the distant Pagan lands.

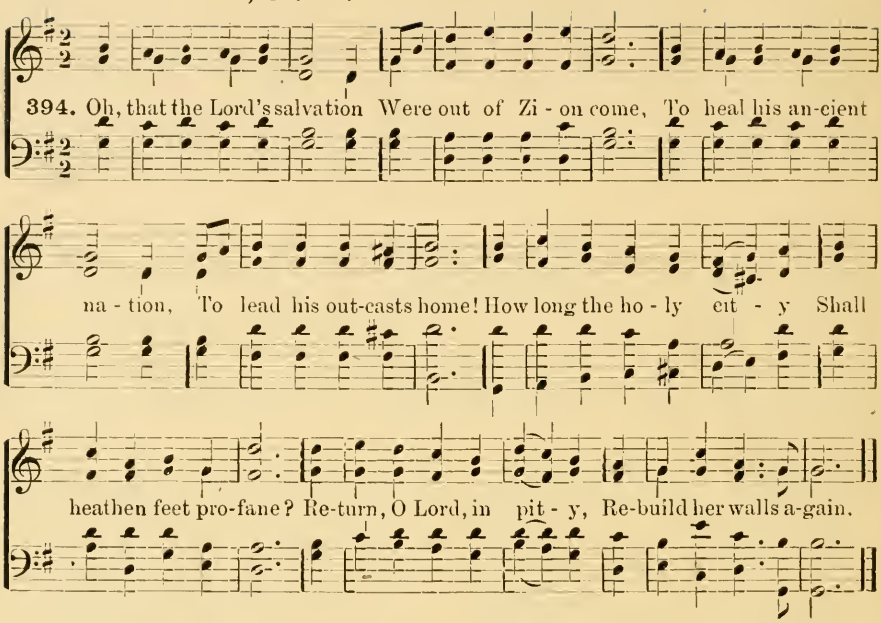
3 "Reform and be immersed," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins,"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

4 As Jesus died, in type we die,
Are buried 'neath the yielding wave;
A moment there entombed we lie,
Then rising from our liquid grave.

5 To follow Christ, our living head,
The pure and holy Son of God,
Who rose triumphant from the dead,
Pursue the way that once he trod.

J. L. WINCE.

ORIENS 7s, 6s. D.



2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

395

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And in his kingdom dwell;
Partake its rest eternal,
Its songs triumphant swell?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier:
My captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise;
The saints arrayed in beauty,
Like Christ will then appear;
And, gathered in his kingdom,
His reign and glory share.

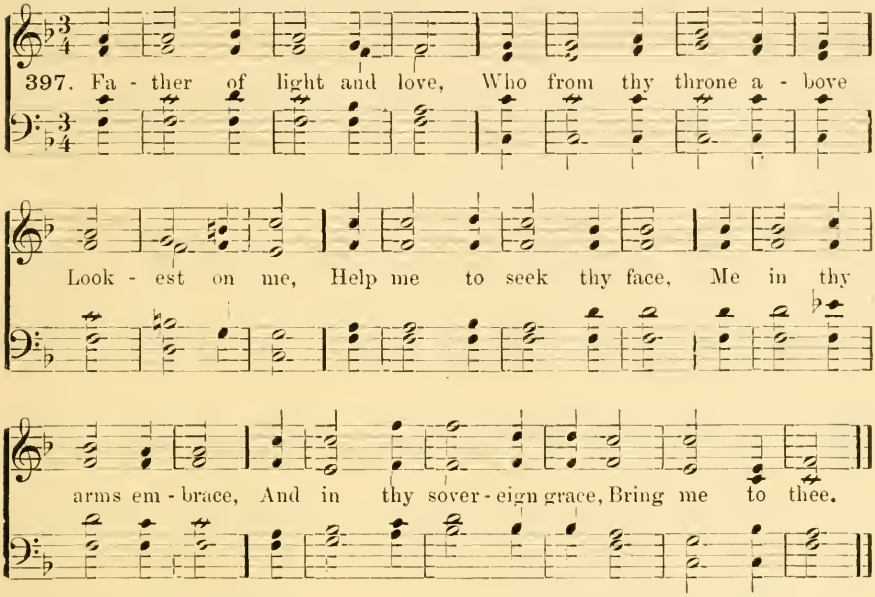
396

1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
The midnight now is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, up, and watch and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil;
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in the songs of glory,
They meet the angel choir;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The doors wide open stand;
Be ready, then, to meet him,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

STAINFORTH. 6s & 4s. W. P. STAINFORTH, by per.



2 Jesus, the crucified,
Jesus, for me who died,
Teach me, I pray,
All that thy love can do,
My evil heart renew,
My stubborn will subdue,
To thine this day.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Sent forth to guide and bless
Those who are thine,
Strengthen me with thy might,
Cleanse thou my spirit's sight,
And in my heart the light
Of Jesus shine.

398

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

399

1 JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

ANON.

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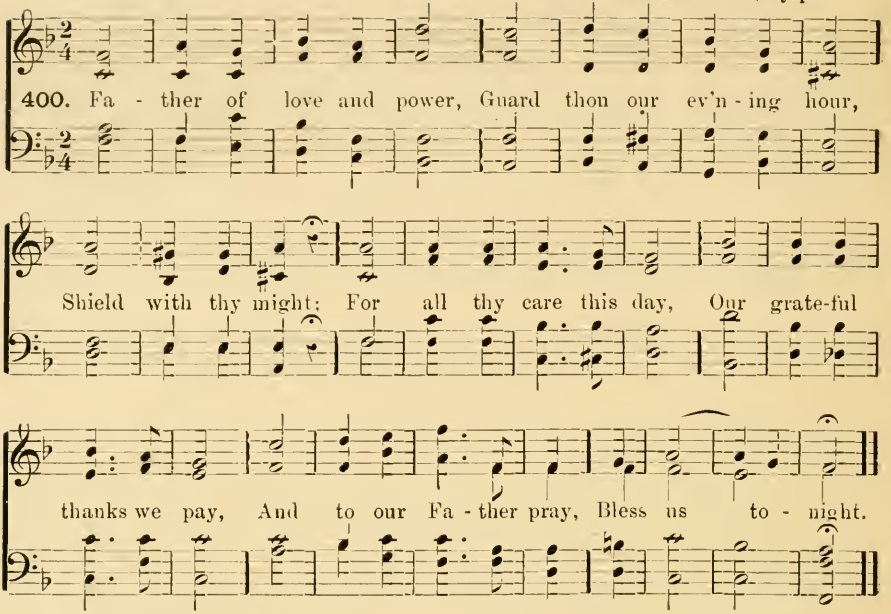

2 Jesus Immanuel,
Come in thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite,
For many sins we grieve,
But we thy grace receive,
And in thy word believe,
Bless us to night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy dove,
Shed forth thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart.
Still every throbbing heart,
And thine own peace impart,
Bless us to-night.

401

1 LET us awake our joys:
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature sing:
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King!"

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done:
Above, beneath, around.
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victr'y is won!"

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell:
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore:
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him forever more
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail!
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail;
Great Savior, come!

402

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
His vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose,
Praise ye the Lord.

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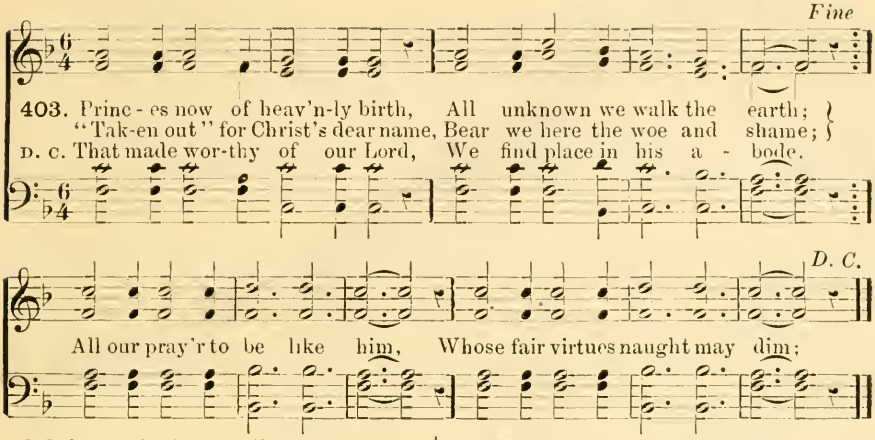


2 It is promised we shall reign,
When the Master comes again:
Eat the manna, walk in white,
Wear the diadems of light:
Sit with him on David's throne,
All his gracious will make known,
That the nations far and near,
May his kingly name revere.

3 Justice then shall girded be,
Captives long enchained go free;
Truth and virtue win the day,
Boastful error flee away;
Strife be gone and perfect peace
Bid the battle's clangor cease:
Then may plead the poor his cause,
All go right with righteous laws.

4 Heirs with Christ in David's line,
Like the stars we then shall shine;
O'er vast cities bearing rule,
All the earth shall be our school;
All be taught in wisdom's way,
Learn the Master to obey;
Want and crime and wrong go down,
When we wear with Christ the crown!

S. ROXANA WINCE.

404

1 KINGS of earth in kingly train,
All your counsel is in vain;
God will set on Zion's hill,
One, the chosen of his will:
Give to him, the earth afar,
And your wrath may not debar:
He will say, Thou art my son!
Let my will on earth be done!

2 All the nations give I thee,
Rule thou to the utmost sea!
Still the sigh, and right the wrong,
Lips of sadness fill with song,
Make the wastes break forth in bloom,
Take away the doleful tomb:
Fig and myrtle, trees of grace,
Take the thorn and brier's place!

3 "Let the glorious city rise,
Till its praises pierce the skies:
Lay its stones with colors fair,
Let the sapphires sparkle there,
Let the saints the land possess,
Every wrong on earth redress;
Give them place upon thy throne,
Let my will on earth be done!"

S. ROXANA WINCE.

405

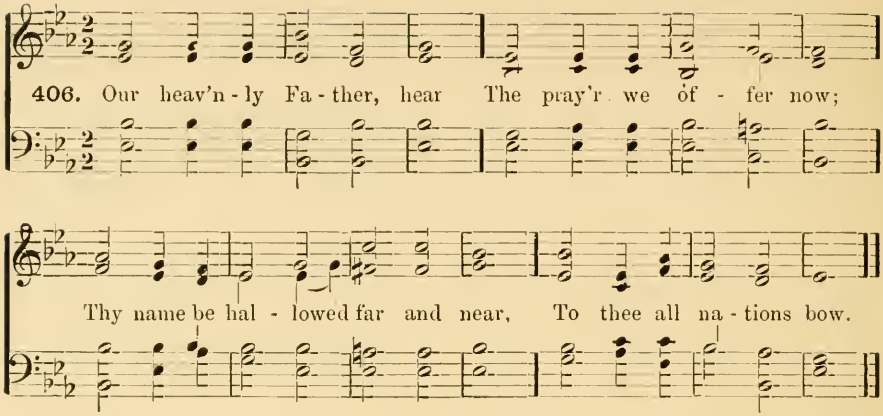
1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight: and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not, much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long compaign.

2 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's honr?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long:
Victory soon shall tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need;
Onward then to battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though oppressed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, completed by
FANNY FULLER MAITLAND.

WILSON. S. M. F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



2 Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love,
As angels quick with love fulfill,
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From fleshly lust defend:
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine then forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

407

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned sinners meet and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite,
His glorious name to raise;
And holy joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

408

1 WHAT happiness is ours,
To know that we shall reign
With Jesus Christ our soverign King,
And ne'er taste death again.

2 To live in joy and peace,
With those we love the best;
From toil and sorrow, care and pain,
Forever be at rest.

3 Filled with the love of God,
And with his glory crowned:
With honor, fame and riches fair
As in his kingdom found.

4 Who would not for this prize,
All earthly fame resign,
With transient wealth and pleasures brief,
Which death will all assign?

JAS. W. WILSON.

409

1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.

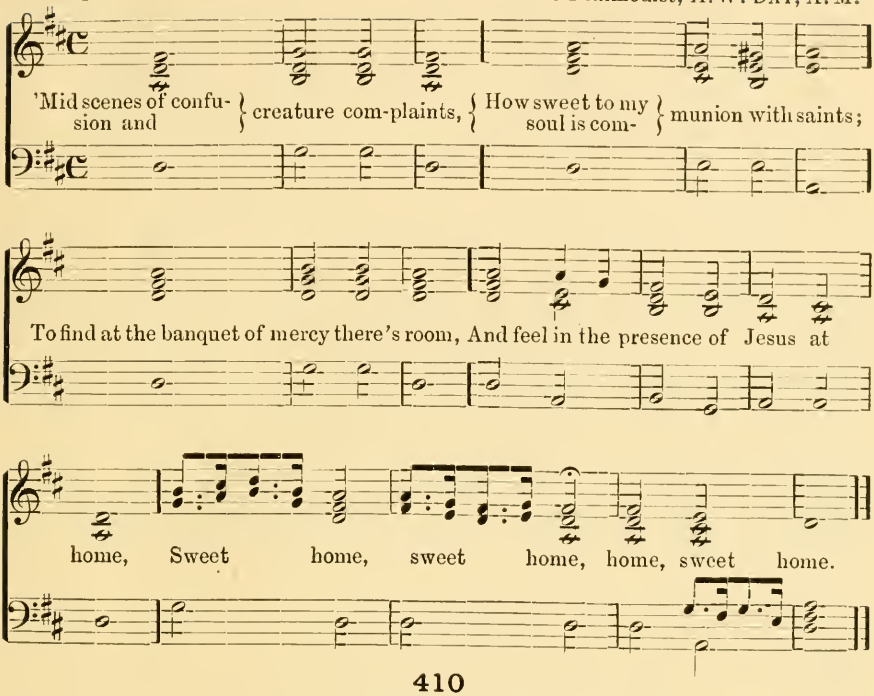
2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

SAINTS' HOME. From One Line Psalmodist, H. W. Day, A. M.



410

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home,
Sweet home, sweet home, home, sweet home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice blessed Jesus whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from his presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold him in glory at home,
Sweet home, sweet home, home, sweet home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home,
Sweet home, sweet home, home, sweet home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image, arise o'er the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home,
Sweet home, sweet home, home, sweet home.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

GOD WHO HATH MADE THE DAISIES.

E. P. Hood. *Gently.* F. L. Robertshaw.

1. God who hath made the dai-sies, And ev - 'ry love - ly thing, He will ac-cept our prais - es, And heark-en while we sing; He says tho' we are sim - ple, Tho' ig - nor-ant we be, Suf-fer the lit - tle children, And let them come to me.
2. Tho' we are young and sim-ple, In praise we may be bold; The chil-dren in the tem - ple, He heard in days of old, And may our hearts be hum - ble, He says to you and me, Suf-fer the lit - tle children, And let them come to me.
3. He sees the bird that wingeth Its way o'er earth and sky; He hears the lark that sing - eth, Up to the heav'n so high, But sees the heart's low breathings, And says well pleased to see, Suf-fer the lit - tle children, And let them come to me.
4. Therefore we will come near him, And sol-emn-ly we'll sing; No cause to shrink or fear him, We'll make our voic-es ring, For in our tem - ple speak-ing, He says to you and me, Suf-fer the lit - tle children, And let them come to me.

"Sunshine." H. H. H.

1. Yes, leave it with him; The lil - ies all do, And they grow, sweetly grow, They
2. The grass-es are clothed The rav-ens are fed From his store, am-ple store; But
3. Yes, leave it with him; You're more dear to his heart, You may know, ev-er know, Than

grow in the rain, And they grow in the dew; Yes, they grow, sweetly grow; They
you, who are lov'd, And are guarded and led, How much more, how much more Will he
lil - ies that bloom, Or than flowers that start Neath the snow, neath the snow; What

grow in the dark-ness, all hid in the night, They grow in the sun-shine re-
clothe you, and feed you, and give you his care; Then leave it with him, for he
ev - er you need, you may seek it in prayer, And leave it with him, you are

vealed by the light; Yes, they grow, still they grow; Still they grow, sweetly grow.
has ev'ry-where, Am-ple store, ev-'ry - where, Ev-'ry - where am-ple store.
ev - er his care; This you know, ev-er know, This you know, ev-er know.

H. H. H. JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.

1. We have come from hill and val-ley, And from street, and lane and al - ley,
2. Now the Su-p'rin-ten-dent lead-ing, Let us all join in the read-ing,
3. All the schol-ars in their plac - es, Soon will dis - ap - pear all trac - es

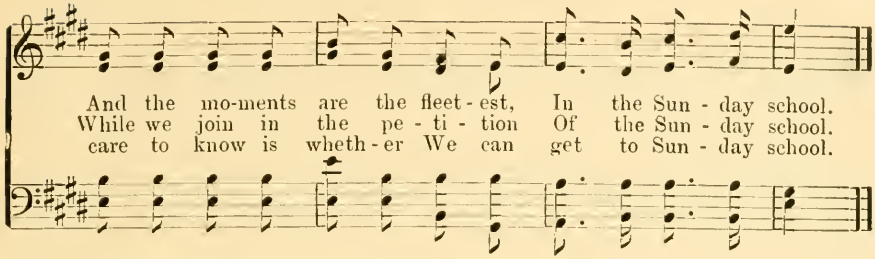
Like an ar - my we will ral - ly To our pleas-ant Sun - day school;
All the blest in-struc-tion heed-ing, Of the pleas-ant Sun - day school;
Of dis-pleas-ure from their fac - es, When they come to Sun - day school;

All our books and pa-pers bring - ing, We are read - y for the sing ing,
And when comes the sol-emn pray - er, We'll re - mem-ber God is there,
All our sis - ters and our broth - ers, And our fa - thers and our moth-ers,

When the bell has ceased its ring-ing, For the Sun - day school. For the
Per - fect si - lence ev - 'ry - where, In the Sun - day school. Bow our
With the neigh-bors, and all oth-ers Come to Sun - day school. So we

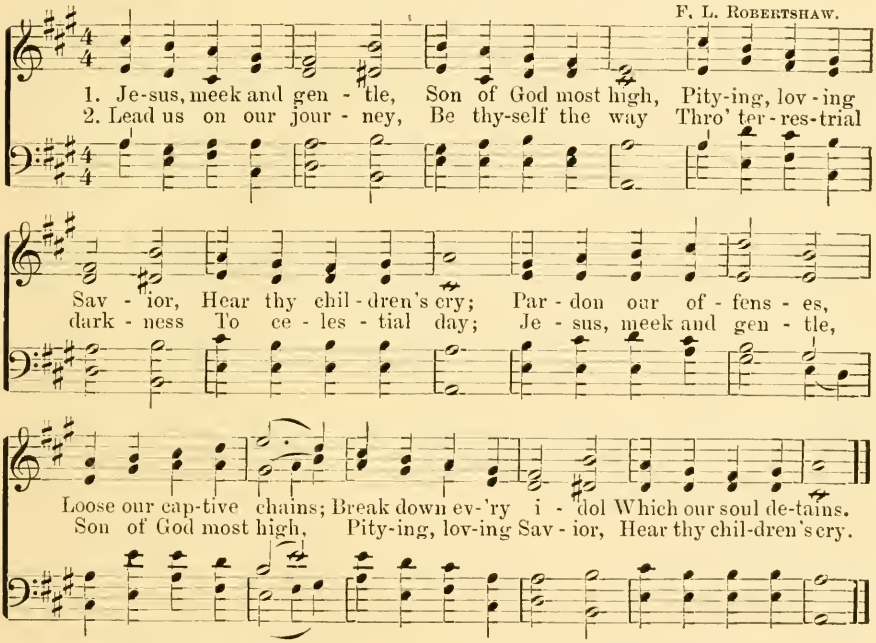
mu sic is the sweet-est,
heads in sweet sub - mis-sion,
all turn out to - geth - er,

mu - sic is the sweet-est, Books and pa - pers are the neat - est
heads in sweet sub-miss-ion, And our hearts in deep con-tri - tion,
all turn out to - geth-er, Nev - er mind the weath-er, All we



JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

F. L. Robertshaw.



1 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in his bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither he doth lead,
Through the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Well we know his voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our hearts rejoice;
Even when it chideth,
Tender is its tone;
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed:
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign;
"They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, "are mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

H. Stowell.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Anon. English.

mf

1. We plow the fer - tile mead - ows, And sow the fur-rowed land,
2. By him were all things fash - ioned A - round us and a - far;
3. He makes the glo - rious sun - set, The moon to sail on high;

But yet the wav - ing har - vest De - pends on God's own hand;
He made the earth and o - cean, And ev - 'ry shin - ing star;
He bids the breez - es fan us, And thun-d'ring clouds to fly;

p *cres*

It is his mer - cy gives us The sun - shine and the rain,
He made the pleas - ant spring-time, The sum - mer bright and warm,
He gives us ev - 'ry bless - ing, To him our lives we owe;

That paints in ver - dant beau - ty The mount-ain and the plain.
The gold - en days of au - tumn, The win - ter and the storm.
He sent his Son to save us From sin, and death and woe.

CHORUS.

f

Ev - 'ry blessing we en - joy Comes to us from God; Then praise his name, then

praise his name, For he is ev - er good, For he is ev - er good.

MY SHEPHERD.

Miss M. E. THALHEIMER. Arr. by F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

1. Thou art my Shep-herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need, Thy lit - tle
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'er-hang-ing nigh, My soul would
3. If thou wilt guide me, Glad - ly I'll go with thee; No harm can

lamb to feed, Trust - ing thee still; In the green pas - tures low,
ter - ri - fy With sud - den chill, Yet I am not a - fraid;
come to me, Hold - ing thy hand; And soon my wea - ry feet,

Where liv - ing wa-ters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.
While soft - ly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill.
Safe in the gold-en street, Where all who love thee meet, Redeemed shall stand.

SCATTER SEED.

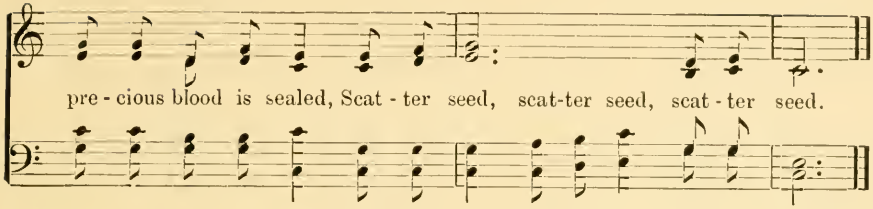
H. H. H.

1. In the fur - rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! Small may be thy hum-ble field, But a good - ly crop 'twill yield; Sow the
2. Up! the morn-ing flies a - way, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! Hand of thine must nev - er tire, Heart must keep its pure de - sire; While thy
3. Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! Some will fall on ston - y ground; Flow'r and blade are oft - en found In the
4. Spring time al-ways dawns for thee, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! When the fit - ting time shall come, God will bring the har - vest home, And will

CHORUS.

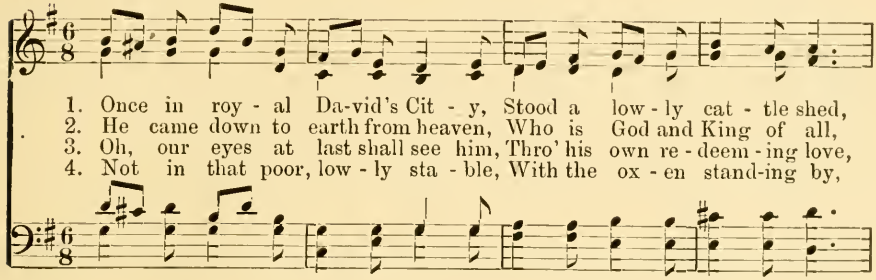
kind - ly word and deed, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! Then scatter far and wide,
broth - ers faint and bleed, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! Then scatter, etc.
clefts we lit - tle heed, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! Then scatter, etc.
give thee all thy need, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed! Then scatter, etc.

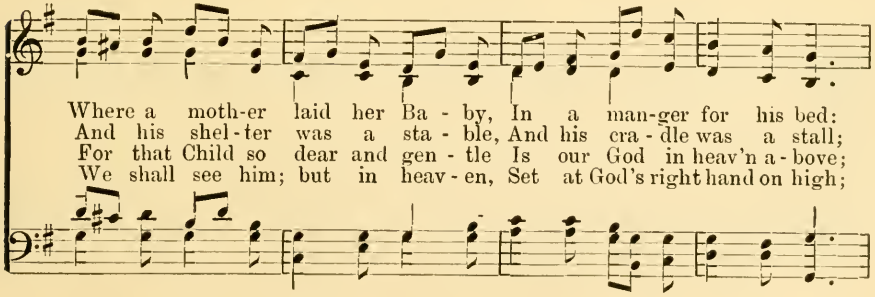
Scat - ter seed on ev - 'ry side, For the Mas - ter of the field Has the power to make it yield; And his prom - ise to the sow - er, With his

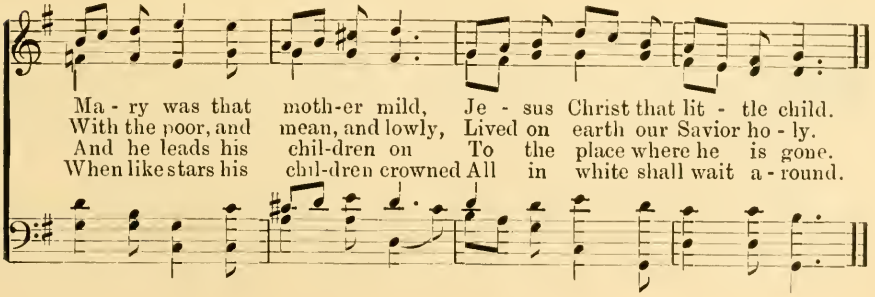


THE CHILD JESUS.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. F. L. Robertshaw.

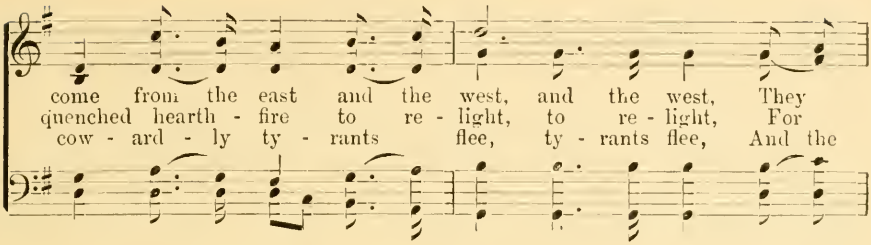


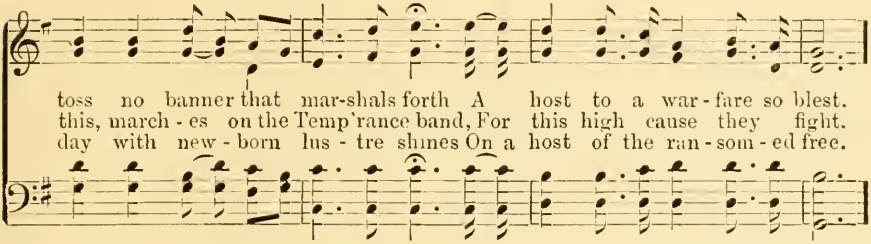




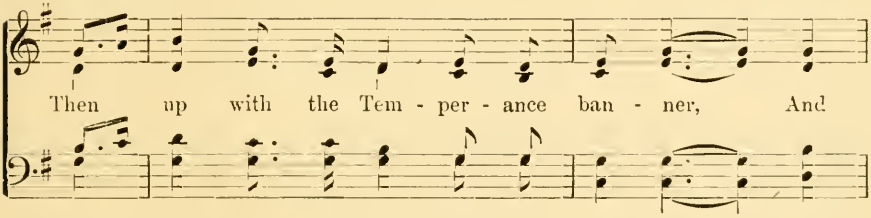
D. Marlow. H. H. H.

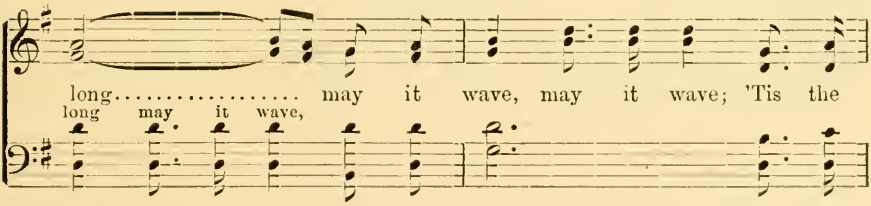
1. Fling out to the winds our ban - ner bright, In the free blue air let it wave, let it wave, For wher- ev - er is seen its spot - less white, It gleams with a power to save; Let the winds sweep on from the south and the north, Let them
2. It is not to kill, but re-store to life, It is not to de-stroy, but re - build, but re - build, A hus - band to give to the wid - owed wife, A sire to the or - phan child; To spread with plen - ty a wast - ed land, The
3. Then un-furl our flag to the glo - rious breeze, Its folds let the sun - beams kiss, sun - beams kiss, For the sun in its long, long jour - ney sees No glad - som - er sight than this, As it floats where the slave in bond - age pines, The

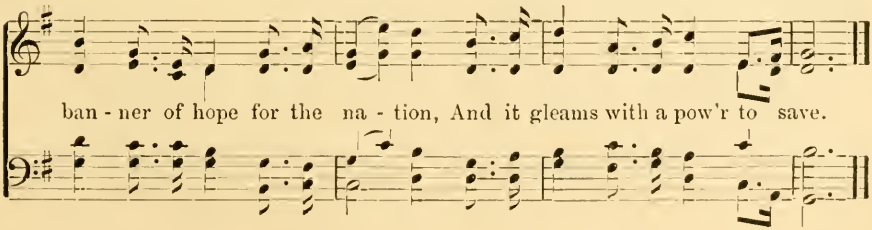

come from the east and the west, and the west, They
quenched hearth - fire to re - light, to re - light, For
cow - ard - ly ty - rants flee, ty - rants flee, And the


toss no banner that mar-shals forth A host to a war - fare so blest.
this, march - es on the Temp'rance band, For this high cause they fight.
day with new - born lus - tre shines On a host of the ran - som - ed free.

CHORUS.


Then up with the Tem - per - ance ban - ner, And


long..... may it wave, may it wave; 'Tis the
long may it wave,


ban - ner of hope for the na - tion, And it gleams with a pow'r to save.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

H. H. H.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;

There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile you can re-new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow;

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by;
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by;
And will keep your heart a - glow, While the days are go - ing by;

While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by;
While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by;
While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by;

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go-ing by.
And will keep your hearts a-glow, While the days are go-ing by.

THERE'S NOT A TINT.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose Or decks the lil - y fair, Or
2. There's not of grass a sin - gle blade, Or leaf of loveliest green, Where
3. There's not a star whose twink-ling light Shines on the dis tant earth, And
4. There's not a place on earth's vast round, In o - cean deep or air, Where
5. A - round, be-neath, be - low, a - bove, Wher-ev - er space ex-tends, There

streaks the humblest flow'r that blows, But God has placed it there, But God has placed it there.
heav'n-ly skill is not display'd, And heav'nly wisdom seen, And heav'nly wisdom seen.
cheers the si-lent gloom of night, But Heaven gave it birth, But Heaven gave it birth.
skill and wisdom are not found, For God is ev-'ry-where, For God is ev-'ry-where.
God displays his boundless love, And pow'r with mercy blends, And pow'r with mercy blends.

PRAISE GOD FOR THE SAVIOR.

(Tune—"Lily Dale.")

1. In the ros - y light of the morn - ing bright, Lift the
2. As he looked in love from his throne a - bove, Our dis-
3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled To de-
4. Now, ex - alt - ed high, o'er the earth and sky, He de-
5. On the cross he hung for the old and young, But he

voice of praise on high; From the lips of youth to the
tress - es filled his eye; And, a world to save, his own
liv - er us from woe; He en - dured the cross, the dis-
lights in mer - cy still; Bends his gra - cious ear, our re-
loves his chil - dren best; To his arms we'll fly, on his

God of truth, Let the joy - ful ech - oes fly.
Son he gave, On the blood - y tree to die.
grace, the loss;— Let his prais - es for - ev - er flow!
quests to hear, And our long - ing souls to fill.
grace re - ly, And se - cure his prom - ised rest.

CHORUS.

Sing prais-es, glad prais-es, Sing, chil-dren, sing; Let your

songs a - rise to the loft - y skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

H. H. H.

1. Be - neath the shad-ows of the cross As earth - ly scenes re - move,
2. Oh, word from heaven, pure and sweet, Spir - it like that a - bove,
3. Then Je - sus, be thy spir - it ours, And swift our feet shall move

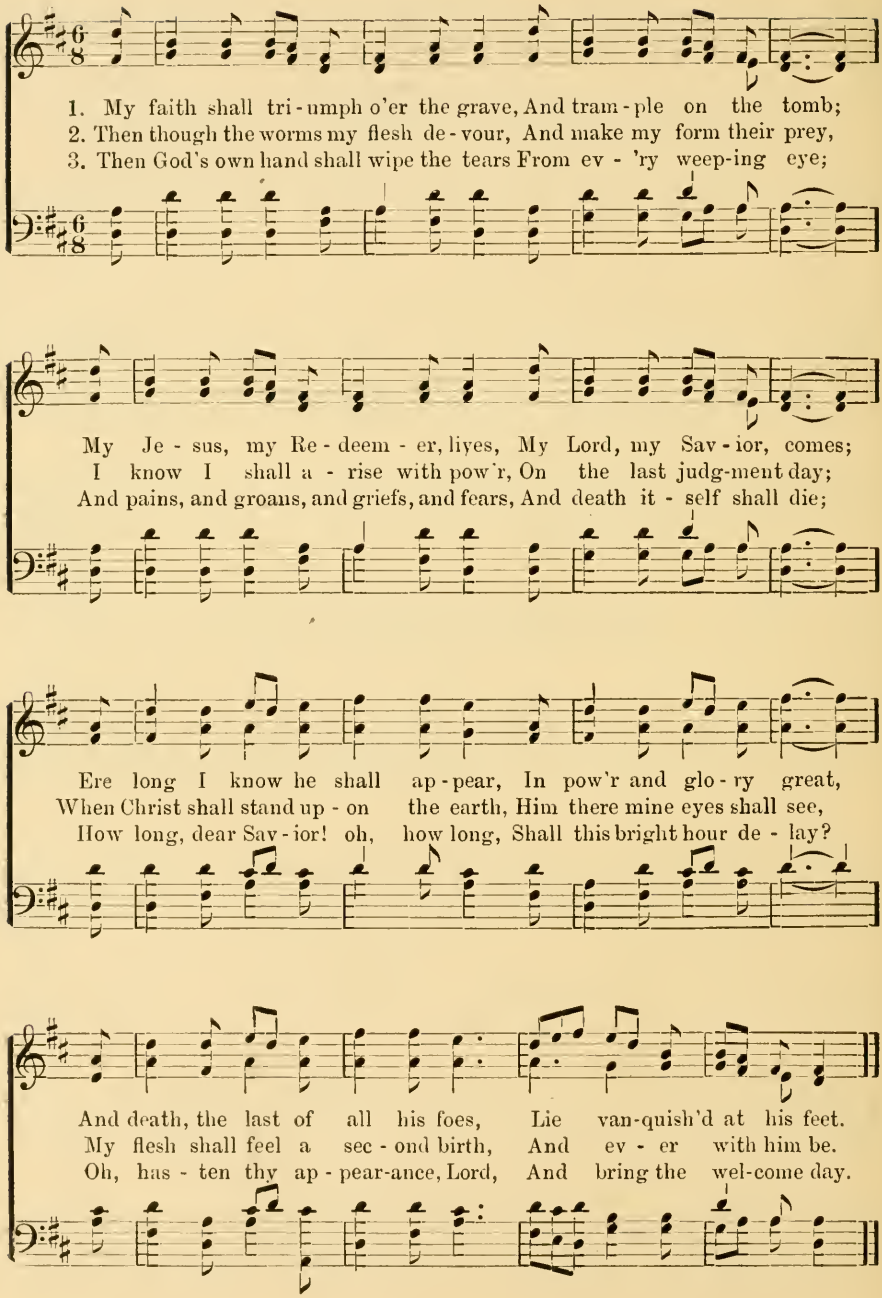
His new commandment, Je - sus gives, His bless - ed word of love.
No sin can dwell with-in our hearts When they are filled with love.
In paths which thy dear feet have trod, Im - pelled by thy dear love.

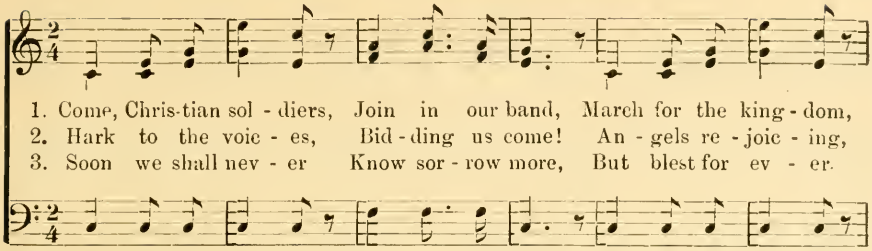
CHORUS.

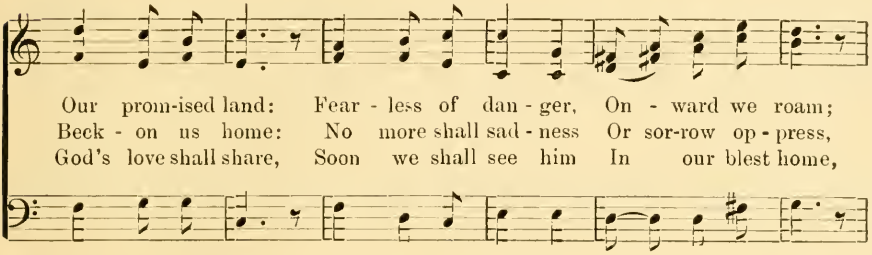
Let us love one an - oth - er, Love God, and love our brother, This com-

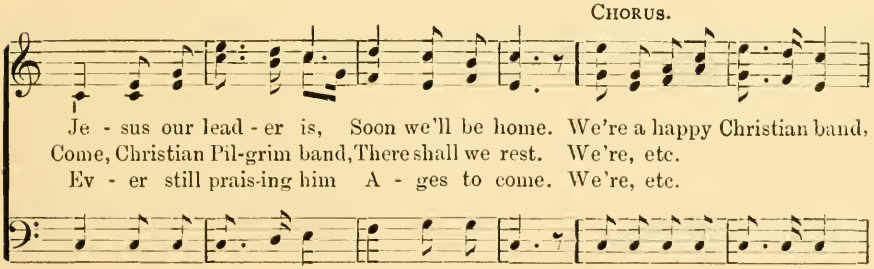
mand includes all oth - er, For God is love, Let us all love one another; Love

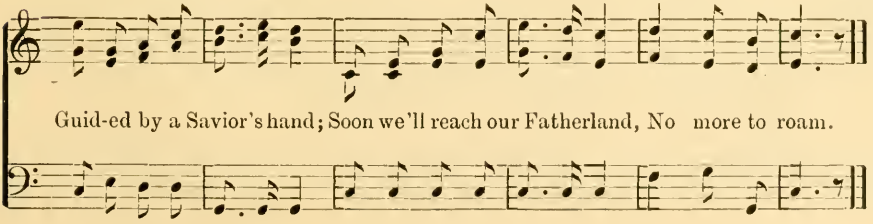
God, and love our brother, This command includes all other, For God is love.


1. My faith shall tri-umph o'er the grave, And tram-ple on the tomb;
2. Then though the worms my flesh de-vour, And make my form their prey,
3. Then God's own hand shall wipe the tears From ev-'ry weep-ing eye;
My Je-sus, my Re-deem-er, lives, My Lord, my Sav-ior, comes;
I know I shall a-rise with pow'r, On the last judg-ment day;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death it-self shall die;
Ere long I know he shall ap-pear, In pow'r and glo-ry great,
When Christ shall stand up-on the earth, Him there mine eyes shall see,
How long, dear Sav-ior! oh, how long, Shall this bright hour de-lay?
And death, the last of all his foes, Lie van-quish'd at his feet.
My flesh shall feel a sec-ond birth, And ev-er with him be.
Oh, has-ten thy ap-pear-ance, Lord, And bring the wel-come day.


1. Come, Chris-tian sol - diers, Join in our band, March for the king - dom,
2. Hark to the voic - es, Bid - ding us come! An - gels re - joic - ing,
3. Soon we shall nev - er Know sor - row more, But blest for ev - er.


Our prom-ised land: Fear - less of dan - ger, On - ward we roam;
Beck - on us home: No more shall sad - ness Or sor-row op - press,
God's love shall share, Soon we shall see him In our blest home,


CHORUS.
Je - sus our lead - er is, Soon we'll be home. We're a happy Christian band,
Come, Christian Pil-grim band, There shall we rest. We're, etc.
Ev - er still prais-ing him A - ges to come. We're, etc.


Guid-ed by a Savior's hand; Soon we'll reach our Fatherland, No more to roam.

LITTLE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

From "Jubilee Harp."

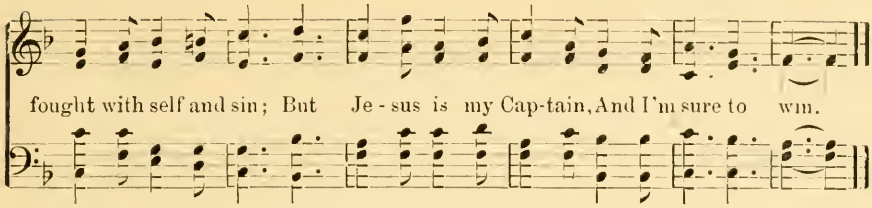
1. I'm go - ing to be a sol - dier, Gird on my ar - mor bright; And
2. The foes that will as - sail me, Are sub - tle, fierce and strong; But the
3. I know I'm small and fee - ble, But Je - sus is my head; He's

with my lit - tle com-rades, I'll take the field and fight; I'll nev - er mind the
war that they are wag - ing, Will not be ver - y long; And I've a well-tried
wise, and strong and a - ble, To tri-umph he will lead; And when beneath his

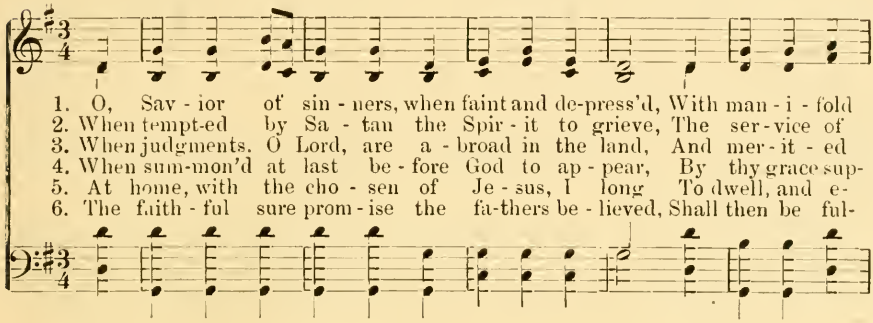
hard - ships, Or dan - gers of the way; I'll watch, and toil, and wres - tle, By
hel - met, A sword and trust-y shield, To quench the fi - ery ar - rows That
ban - ner I've gained the vic-tor's crown, I'll shout a glad ho - san - na, And

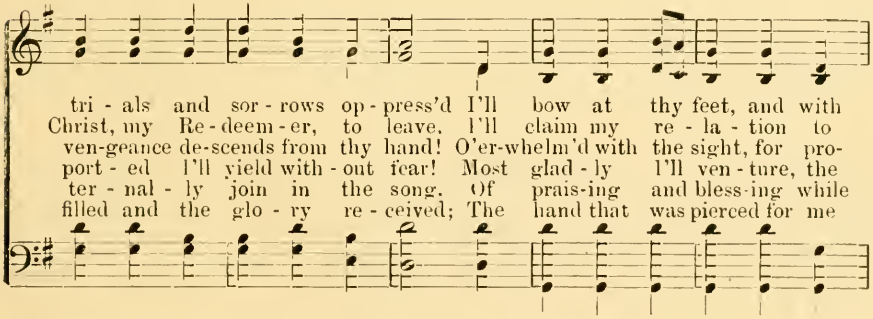
CHORUS.

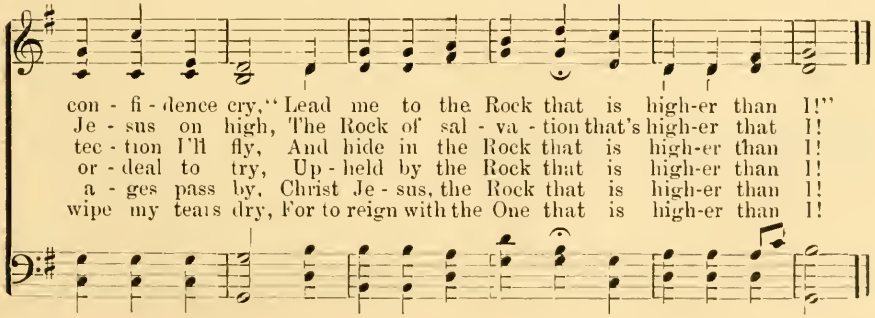
night as well as day. Life's bat - tle, oh, life's bat - tle— 'Tis
Sa - tan's hand may wield. Life's bat - tle, etc.
lay my ar - mor down. Life's bat - tle, etc.



THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.







Moderato. A. T. Gorham

1. We seek a land all sum-mer bright, With fadeless beau - ty glow-ing,
Where per-fumed zeph-yrs fan the hills, And wave the star-eyed flow-ers,
2. The heav'n-built cit - y there un-bars Her mas-sive gem - set por - tals,
With palms of vic - t'ry wav-ing high, They sing love's wondrous sto-ry;
3. We're journeying to that promised land, Thro' sorrow's swell-ing o - cean;
Soon morn will flush the o-rient skies, With gold-en radiance stream-ing;

Where earth is robed with end-less light, And crys-tal streams are flow-ing;
Whose ev - er breath - ing fra-grance fills Fair E-den's sun - ny bow-ers.
And, brighter than ten thousand stars, Shine God's white-robed im-mor-tals;
They wake the harps of sound-ing joy, And reign in end - less glo - ry.
But soon we'll gain the shin-ing strand, Be-yond the waves' com-mo-tion;
The Sun of Right- eous-ness a - rise, O'er earth and heav - en beam-ing.

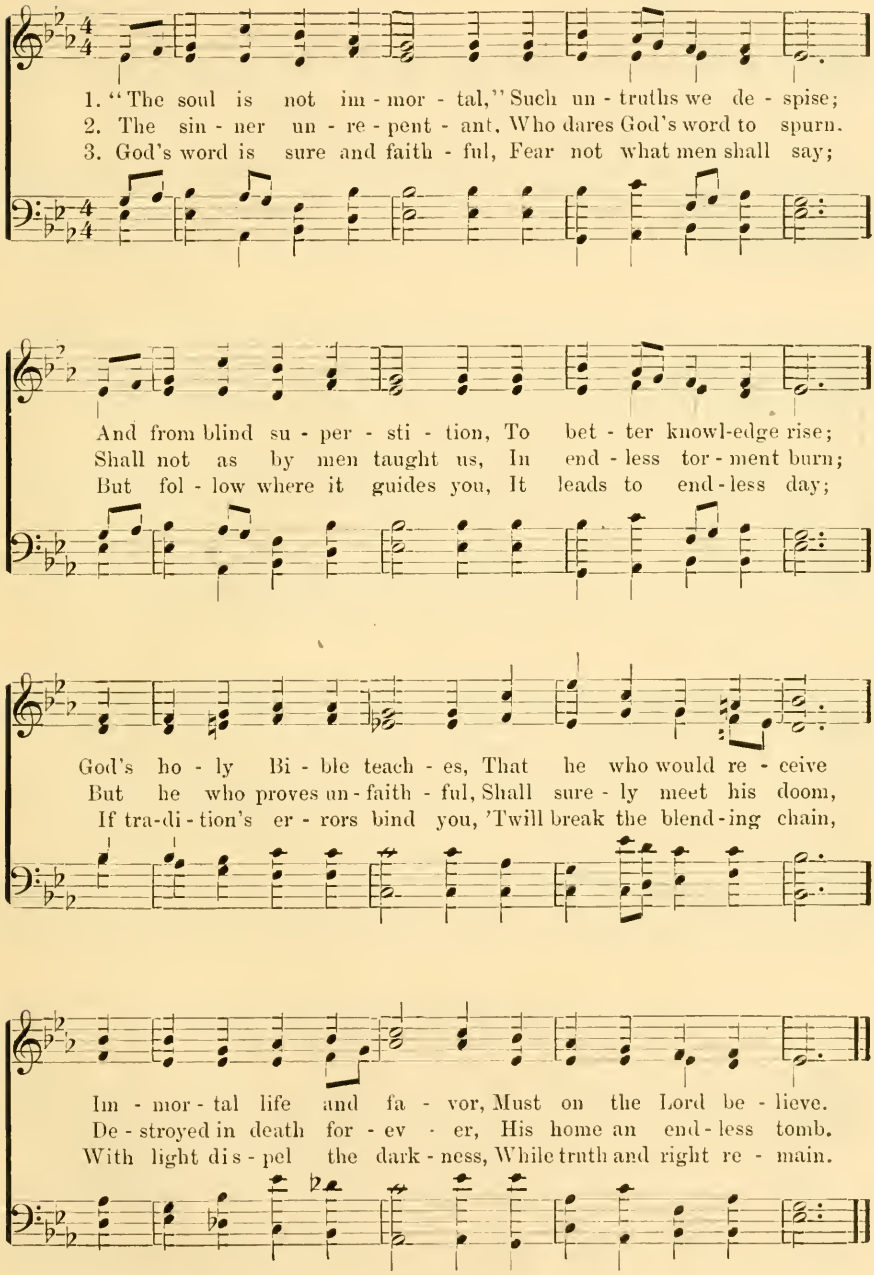
Chorus.

f

Then on, press on, till the morning dawn, Our glo-rious home is near-ing;

We'll shout the crown and kingdom won, At Je - sus' bright ap-pear-ing.

J. W. WILSON.


1. "The soul is not im - mor - tal," Such un - truths we de - spise;
2. The sin - ner un - re - pent - ant, Who dares God's word to spurn.
3. God's word is sure and faith - ful, Fear not what men shall say;
And from blind su - per - sti - tion, To bet - ter knowl-edge rise;
Shall not as by men taught us, In end - less tor - ment burn;
But fol - low where it guides you, It leads to end - less day;
God's ho - ly Bi - ble teach - es, That he who would re - ceive
But he who proves un - faith - ful, Shall sure - ly meet his doom,
If tra-di - tion's er - rors bind you, 'Twill break the blend - ing chain,
Im - mor - tal life and fa - vor, Must on the Lord be - lieve.
De - stroyed in death for - ev - er, His home an end - less tomb.
With light dis - pel the dark - ness, While truth and right re - main.

I WILL LOVE THEE.

JOHANN ANGELUS. H. R. H.

1. I will love thee, all my treas-ures, I will love thee, all my strength,
2. Be my heart more warm-ly glow-ing, Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
3. I will love in joy or sor-row, While I thus a mor-tal dwell;

I will love thee with-out meas-ure, And with-out a stain at length;
And its love, its ar-dor, show-ing, Let my spir-it on-ward tread;
I will love, to-day, to-mor-row, With a love no words can tell:

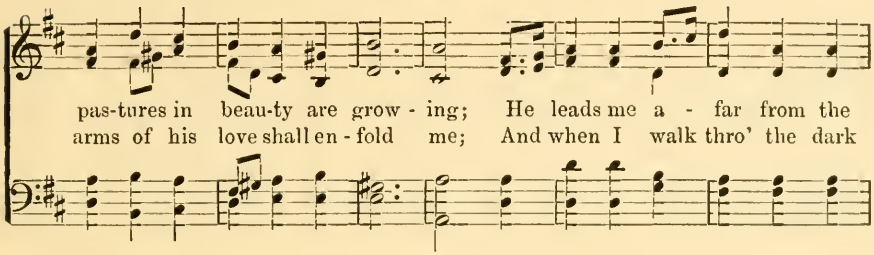
Ritard.

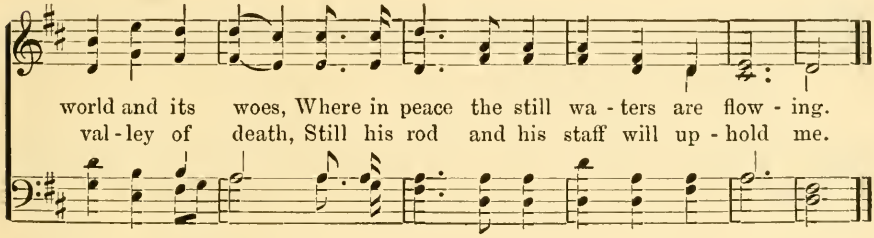
I will love thee, Light di-vine, When I rise, and find thee mine.
Near to thee, and near-er still, Draw this heart, this mind, this will.
I will love thee, Light di-vine, Till I die, and find thee mine.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Arr. from "Spiritual Songs."

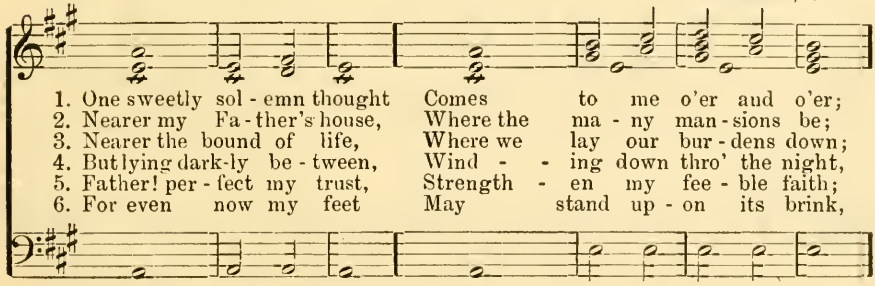
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd; he makes me re-pose Where the
2. He strengthens my Spir-it, he shows me the path Where the

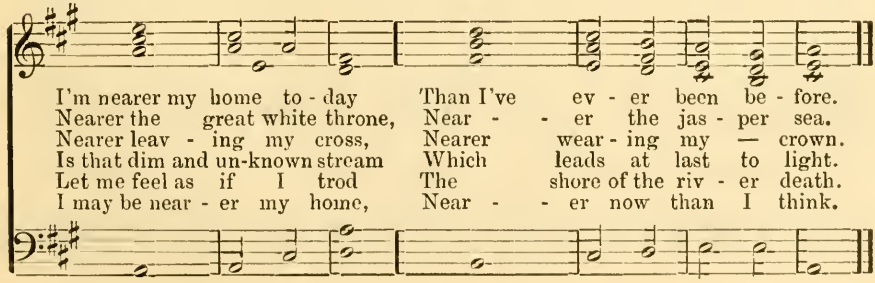




ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

HOULDSWORTH, 1830.





THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. From all the dark plac - es Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, Oh,
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc - ing To
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A-
con - quer the king - dom of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His
arms of re - bel - lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion: Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter there - in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown.

Chorus.

The kingdom is coming: Oh, tell ye the sto-ry! God's banner ex-alt-ed shall be!

The earth shall be full of his knowledge and glory As waters that cov-er the sea!

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